Scribner's

MAGAZINE

AUGUST

ART DIRECTOR
page 4

25¢

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Family Portrait

MR. BIRNBAUM, who draws funny pictures for bright magazines like *The New Yorker* and *Stage*, painted this picture.

It's a portrait of a family in this enlightened year of our Lord, 1937.

In the front row are Papa and Mama, in their Gas-Masks for Grown-ups. Back of them is son Jimmy, in the latest Youth's Model Gas-Mask. Then there are little Sally and Tommy in their Gas-Masks for Tots. And finally, Buster, in the special Gas-Mask that man, in his great humanity, recently designed for dogs.

Funny picture, isn't it? Only Mr. Birnbaum did it in deadly seriousness. And he's right.

What could be more serious than the fact that the ordinary citizens of one civilized country have to protect themselves from poison gas with which the ordinary citizens of another country will try to kill them? What could be more depressing than the necessity of digging up the green lawns of modest little homes to make gas-proof holes for women and children to crawl into! What could be more alarming than the realization that these things actually are happening in Europe today. And if we think we're safely removed from it all we're crazy!

Maybe war can be stopped; maybe it can't. Maybe if it does come, we can stay out; maybe we can't. But this much is certain: it *could* be stopped if enough decent citizens reared up on their hind legs and said, *"We won't have war!"*

We think it's worth trying. Are you with us?

Write to World Peaceways, Inc. . . .
103 Park Avenue . . . New York City.

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Scribner's

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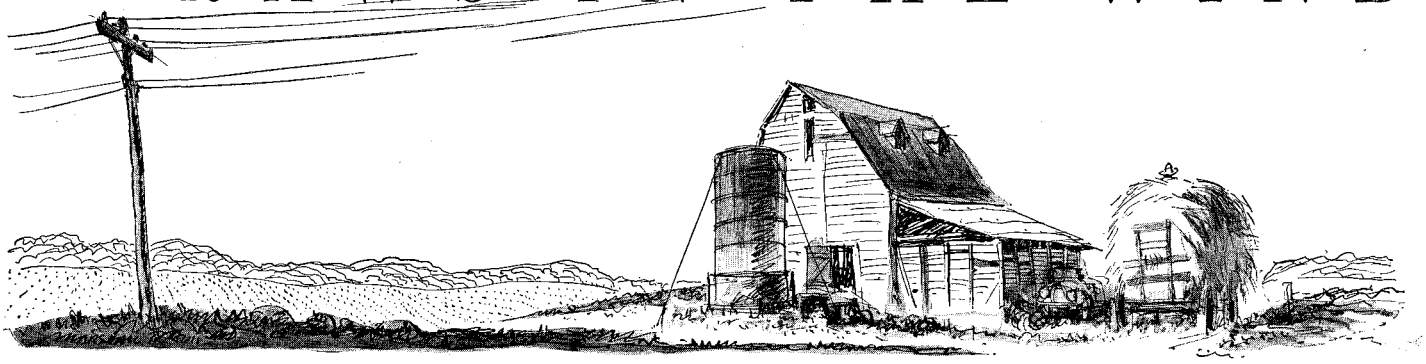
STRAWS IN THE WIND



Art Director (*See Cover*)

Paul Edwin Newman is one of those men who make us ride in Fisher Bodies and buy beer in a can. He and his fellows in advertising are constantly influencing our habits and fortunes—a fact which accounts for Mr. Newman's presence in our series of professional and occupational portraits. Whether we are readers, writers, or editors, not one of us escapes these advertising men. They are more deeply entrenched in our society than the political pamphleteers were in that of Jefferson. They are more important than the press agents we hear so much about. And though they have no "passion for anonymity," they might as well have. Even the best of them would be better-known if engaged in hack writing or second-rate painting.

Of this fact Paul Newman is himself an excellent example. In his youth—he is now thirty-seven—he set out to be an artist. Today he is art director of Erwin, Wasey & Company. As such, he supervised the well-known Fisher Body series of ads, at least one of which (boy and dog asleep in a car) created more attention than a Grant Wood portrait or a Thomas Benton mural. Maybe it shouldn't have, but it did. And yet to millions who enjoyed that photograph and to the thousands who wrote in asking for one to frame—to these, the name Paul Newman means exactly nothing.

Genoa, in upstate New York, was his birthplace. Before he was three he was carried to the middle of the Pacific where his father, a pharmacist in McKinley's Navy, opened the first drugstore in the Hawaiian Islands. It was possibly from these romantic beginnings that Newman got the idea of painting. Brought back to Ithaca, he failed to get into Cornell, but contrived to study art under Professor Baker. It didn't come to much. At nineteen he was helping Goodrich manufacture tires at Akron. At twenty he was studying art again, in Chicago, where he earned his board as a cafeteria bus boy. He came into advertising via a typography shop; to New York via a job in Philadelphia with N. W. Ayer & Son. He has now been with Erwin, Wasey eleven years—the past eight as art director, the past three as vice-president. He walks to work, but Friday afternoon invariably finds him headed, with wife and wire-haired terrier, for a farm he has bought on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Mr. Newman's photograph is by Henry Waxman—a fitting combination, for it was Newman who first persuaded Waxman to go into color photography.

dear mr. herold:

In your June department you say that people with a sense of music are usually devoid of a sense of humor. Well, maybe I don't have a sense of music, in which case I am greatly disillusioned. Maybe I never got any further than the five-finger exercises on the piano; maybe it's all I can do to keep on the tune of the *Star-spangled Banner* (or maybe it isn't), but aside from not being much at making music, I thought I had some sense of it. As for a sense of humor—well, breathes there, etc., who never to himself hath said, I have a sense of humor? unquote.

But now to disprove your point and improve mine. Maybe you'd look grim too, if you had to sit sawing a fiddle for two or three hours straight, with no time out except a fifteen-minute intermission. Did you ever think of the purely physical labor involved in wrestling with one of those overgrown violins or horns? Have you ever looked at it (a concert) from the discouraging side of the cymbal player, who sits there all evening waiting for his cue to bang, and then is through, but has to keep on sitting? Remember, there are half a dozen sides to every question.

Consider the operas.

I wouldn't take such mean advantage of you as even to hint at the comic operas, one or two of which really are funny. Think of Wagner (my favorite composer, at the moment). Do you think anyone devoid of a sense of humor would have written a rôle for a husky prima donna which calls for toting a full suit of armor and leaping from rock to rock in it with the grace of an antelope? Or think of the three equally husky primas sitting on their flying trapezes while they try to keep their respective balances and at the same time hit the high C's. Just try to picture, without laughing, whiskery, old, one-eyed Wotan throwing out his chest and poking his thumbs into his armpits, while he bellows about his Valhalla, which the giant boys built for him when he double-crossed them. mr. herold, i am surprised at you.

I could also remind you of the fight with a cardboard dragon—but don't be scared, it's only the basso yelling into a megaphone. And Siegfried's story—the worst I ever heard—about how he just couldn't place his wife, after he met a better-looking girl.

But there, your point's gone already, and I was never the one to hit an unarmed opponent, or any opponent, for that matter. Just get a muffler, when you think out loud.

EDITH M. MACHEN
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

My dear don herold,

This here now article of yours on "music and humor" is, alack, alas and doggone it, only too true.

This is from One Who Knows, having earned a Modest Living, singing for over ten years, before giving in and admitting the racket was too tough for me. Honestly, a sense of humor is a great drawback, professionally. If you laugh at another singer when he sings in a language he can't pronounce to people who wouldn't understand him if he could, then you're a Jealous Cat.

If you laugh at yourself, you aren't serious about your Work, or Have a Complex, or what is most fatal of all, you convince them that you are, though masquerading as a serious, classical singer, after all, only a comedian, and beneath contempt.

But Ye Gods, musicians aren't the only ones without a sense of humor! Look at Congress.

ALICE BRISKOW
Germantown, Pennsylvania

Dear Don:

You'll discount all this . . . but, no matter. I think you deserve some token of gratitude for the bevy of laughs I got out of "don herold examines" in the June SCRIBNER'S.

To all creatures mildly or seriously facing the snaggle-toothed specter of a mauve funk, I recommend a hasty, but nonetheless thorough, reading of "don herold examines."

JOE CREAMER
New York City

Save Our Seafarers

After I read Bertram B. Fowler's article on "Sharecroppers of the Sea," in the May SCRIBNER'S, I thought you might be interested to know about some of the conditions which exist in and around Gloucester. As a fisherman's wife and a fisherman's daughter, I have lived through both phases of this fishing game, through the prosperous years when money was flowing freely, and during those later and deadly years of the depression when a crust of bread and coal to keep oneself warm were at a premium.

In 1927 I wasted my education, I suppose, by marrying a fisherman. For (*continued on page 74*)

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Ours Was the Best Generation

GENE SHUFORD

Preceded by the Jazz Era and followed by today's smug New Youth, the college graduates of the middle nineteen-twenties come into a late ripening

SOMETIMES at night when work leaves me too tired to sleep, or sometimes when, having worked and slept, I wake in the unearthly darkness, I lie thinking of the spring five years ago when there was no work.

Very clearly, the square of the little town where I was born. Empty store buildings, the windows placarded with notices of forgotten sales. On the corner, where I tried on suits and went elsewhere because the prices were always too high.

Now it too—empty, a sore, a dead eye in the town's face. The streets dirty and small; the dust high in the corners of the vacant buildings. The whole effect one of complete futility, of desolation—of death. For this was the end of an era, the collapse of the work of an older generation.

Back from Washington where there were no jobs to this town where there were no jobs, I was not sad. Here I had roots. I looked out over the Ozark Hills already white with dogwood, splotched here and there with Judas trees. This was where I belonged. I had come home.

II

THAT was the finest year of my life. I had a little money left, and I planted a garden. While I spaded, I had time to think about my college generation—that which graduated in the middle twenties. There were others like me in the town, some better and some worse, but most of them at home because there was nowhere else to go. One young chap in particular, a young scientist, I used to see frequently at night walking in some unexpected section of the little town. We would speak in passing, but we never stopped to chat as we might have done, always saluting each other briefly, as though we shared some shameful secret.

For he knew what I knew: we were home disgracefully on the town. What will this do to him?, I often wondered. My own family was very poor and desperately in fear of losing our home, which we had rented while my mother was nursing my sick aunt. Thus in disaster I was a part of my family, but each morning his father went to the office and his sister to her school and left him, as useless as a dead hand which has not yet begun to wither.

In the mornings I always wrote in the one room that was almost quiet. If my mother opened the door, I knew she would not speak to me. In a moment she would be gone, something within me would swell, and the magic words would come.

When it was all over for the day, I would work in the garden until I was sweaty, my ankles gray with dust, and then I would come inside for the animal pleasure of the bath. So the elements balanced, the typewriter on one side, the spade and the hoe on the other. Only at times the old horror of failure would

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come back, that ghastly psychic disintegration that is the product of incompetence in the face of too-great demands, of civilization that makes a man feel that he is without value because it cannot use him.

And at such times I would lie stiffened in the darkness, dry-eyed over the remembered degradations. But slowly the poison drained, the life came back.

In every family there are failures, tragedies, old wounds. My own hurt had awakened me to the hurt of others. Suddenly I saw the lives of my mother, my father, my aunts, my uncles, as I now saw myself, impersonally, wryly, with a little twist of humorous pity, Olympian in appraisal and condemnation. In the nights when all this grew unbearable, I would slip out of my dark little room. High on a hill above the town I would squat on an old stone wall and watch the vanishing lights. Or I would walk until I was exhausted. Finally peace would come. Returning home, I would recognize the chap from the other side of town hurrying against the imponderable darkness. I would come in from the too-familiar street, throw myself upon the bed, and let sleep take me.

III

That fall I sold some feature articles and got a job reading papers for an English instructor at the University. It paid me $15 a month, about 6 per cent of my salary when I first came out of college, but I was happy to have it. Later it saved me the degradation of going on relief and of exposing to courthouse political appointees the psychological sores which were just beginning to heal. In addition, it was to prove a key to a teaching position at the University, and a complete spiritual renovation. I hung on to it for a year and a half, and when the instructor decided to permit himself the luxury of a nervous breakdown the second spring, I was allowed to take over his classes. I did so, and was asked to remain on the staff the following winter. I think it was that year or the next that a neighbor, one of the leading men in the community, shot himself to death in his garage one morning.

IV

There is doubtless much to be said against my generation. I have this to say for it: I know of not one of its members who committed suicide during our recent economic chaos. It is true that the responsibility of much of the depression did not fall on us, but we did take its body punches when we were least able to endure them. In fact no one recognized us as a generation apart; yet the seven years since 1929 have left their mark on us as on no other group: in the days of recovery as the stock market rises, shiny new automobiles flood the highways, the stores that were empty reopen and multiply, and another world conflict is in the making in Europe, our psyche remains a thing apart.

Even in the beginning we were unique. Conceived in an irreligious period, we held the most romantic of faiths —that of salvation by sex. Freud was our high priest; Lawrence the god who thrust us toward an escape from the bald daylight of current rationalism. True, in Lawrence we beheld man crouched at the edge of his pitiful circle of light, around him all the horror of the dark. Yet the light, the ecstasy were there; and unreasonably we expected our newly found godhood to rub out our humanity. Beneath our fashionable cynicism we wanted the ecstasy without the bitterness; and we had missed John Macy's shrewd comment that Lawrence's universe was "mixed":

"Here are combined and fused the hardest sort of 'realism' and almost lyric imagery and rhythm."

Eventually we realized this; the magic fire with which Lawrence had illuminated sex guttered out in our own feeble experience. We believed that Lawrence had failed; that the race had failed; and that the symbol of the final chapter of *The Rainbow* was false—so we endured the frustration of Skrebensky, who, soulless and physically inadequate, found childlike comfort and protection by leaving Ursula, marrying the Colonel's daughter, and sailing for India.

In short, we were still pretty adolescent and sexually incompetent. For all our Lawrence and Ellis and Freud, we floundered badly, had our flights and met our disasters, were no less bitter, and found our suffering no less tragic or real. Indeed, some suffered more. Confused by heavy intellectual paraphernalia, the inept missed both ecstasy and agony, and rising shamefacedly from their experiences, questioned naturally, "Well, is that all?" Such frustration broke down many a romance and marriage and left scars that were years in healing.

V

The depression found us, as a generation, soft-bellied as a champion who has fought too many push-overs, tasted too much liquor and easy money, had too many women. Some of us were not even aware that the decision in sex had gone against us. No one had taught us that courage is the primary quality to bring to love. Since the human psyche had been broken down into that flow of currents, crosscurrents, and countercurrents portrayed in *Ulysses,* courage and will were undeniably out of favor with psychologists and the public alike.

Not that we were a completely cowardly or enervated generation. Our lives were replete with activity; we shot here and yonder under the burst of all manner of exotic impulses; and so lavish were the times that many of us were long in paying the bill. We moved, but too frequently merely from free and fortuitous association: love was a chance chemistry; mental healing as described to us by our psychology instructors was automatic black magic; many were cabalists and voodoo worshipers dependent on the fetishes and amulets from Vienna. In short, we lived, moved, and had our being in a period when accident seemed, in the emotional life at least, to have been substituted for direction.

All this was the natural result of our newly acquired, half-understood picture of man's inner world, the last unexplored continent, where many of us were to go

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native. Yet we had all the newly learned ritual of science—psychology and biology; we had read hundreds of case histories of everything from exhibitionism to sadism; we believed that the intellectual could replace the outworn moral control of our emotions. What we failed to realize was that science is but an approach to reality, and not reality itself; biology or psychology is a candle, but not the floodlight of emotional experience.

Exciting as was all this cerebration of sex, much of it ended dismally. The belief of our times was that light, that knowledge, is healing. But some of us found light blinding—truth too much to bear. Later, as teachers, we realized that, once the mind of the maladjusted student is brought to face his weakness, the cure was not automatic: a struggle was just beginning in which the old-fashioned virtues are pretty effective. Of course they can't defeat the universe. Hemingway, who has spoken in behalf of friendship, drinking, and bullfighting, has included among the elemental virtues that he admires, courage. Of it he has this to say in a justly famous passage from *A Farewell to Arms:*

We used to read everything

"If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks every one and afterwards many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry."

Such was the fatalism and defeatism we inherited from the generation known as "lost." Their sense of futility flooded our thought stream, but it did not flow into our blood. Our generation had not experienced the War; *they* had. We had not been exiled; *they* had. And when the end of an era came, we did not kill ourselves as did Harry Crosby, whose death Malcolm Cowley analyzes so convincingly in *Exile's Return*. We had not gone completely soft; nor had we ever really known—the way Hemingway knew, the way the blood knows, at certain times and at certain places, as Harry Crosby knew outside of Verdun on November 22, 1917—that courage is no good. People, writers and others, had told us such things—between the delightful interludes of dabbling in sex and liquor and going to college and stepping into any number of jobs and finding all sorts of chickens in all sorts of pots; but we really didn't know anything, and Paris was just a far-off, romantic place where immortals like Joyce and Hemingway had lived; and Spain was merely a marvelous place for fiestas filled with pleasantly drunken *aficionados* attending bullfights and not a land where women are soldiers, where they mutilate the dying, and place the prisoners in front to be shot or burned alive by exploding gasoline tanks.

No, underneath we really thought we were all right; that man in general was all right; that the shadows were merely to make it all more interesting. Nothing had come along really to test us, and we were soft. Of course sex wasn't going well because most of us were too serious and really didn't know anything and dreaded any disciplining life offered us; but we hadn't the slightest suspicion of our complete immaturity. Had the boom not ended when it did, we should all have been putrescent before we had a chance to ripen. You see, we really didn't know anything at all.

VI

As a generation we married late. Early marriages frequently were experimental and episodic. "When I married Tom," a friend confessed, "he promised me a divorce if it didn't work out in a year or so." Tom also promised her a chance to finish her education, a career, and complete freedom in her emotional life. They were the sort that read Havelock Ellis for weeks before the ceremony, and Tom asserted stoutly that he did not believe in jealousy. Jane held her job for a year and completed her work for a master's degree; finally she realized that continuing her career meant separation and probably eventual divorce. In the end Jane chose a child and home.

Yet her unmarried friends were no better off than she. The group standards that had made her regard marriage as an episode had kept them single. In a prolonged adolescence they continued their little round of disillusioning loves; always the great experience, the baptism of sex their heritage had promised them, was just ahead; and they never realized that their own weakness denied them the dark current of the Lawrencian flame. Suddenly, as the paralysis of the depression caught them, they realized not only that marriage was impossible for them, but that there were things other than sex of importance in the universe. This heresy was a shock, but slowly and uneasily it was accepted: "Love," a friend wrote me, "is not something into which one throws all else, but one of many things and at times a very small one." Very small indeed in the face of the bread lines, the failing banks, the empty store buildings, the desperate

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We held the most romantic of faiths . . . Freud was our high priest

faces of our families and friends that greeted us when we came home jobless between 1929 and 1933. Our little phallic idols had crumbled to dust under the lightning of the times.

Soon we were caught in the activity of those years: the hasty erection of a huge governmental spending machine for the administration of relief, the providing of jobs, the reopening of banks, the construction of public works—all the activities that directly or indirectly changed the lives of our generation. One friend was a case worker among Negroes. Another was with the CCC. A third was a surveyor for the CWA. A fourth was checking the assets of closed banks. And so on. Unexpectedly we were all caught up, made acutely aware of the current struggle against chaos, called to touch and to help heal the social, the political, the economic sores of the times. We were part of the nation's reconstruction.

"Charming [wrote a friend in social service] to hear your lady friend discourse on Russia, but I bet she doesn't know a damn thing or even suspect the revolution our U. S. is now involved in. . . . One can't get from the papers alone the true meaning of the thing. One has to be a part. . . ."

We were a part. What some of us saw can be suggested by another letter from the same worker.

"I've had a hectic day, 60 miles over hills almost as high as the Ozarks—rough roads, smelly houses, dirty children, idiot children, undernourished children, recent children . . . Negro children, and just children; lazy men, bearded men, clean men, black men, crippled men —poor folks—overworked women, mothers of idiots, and kids that looked like starved, flea-bitten, mange-eaten pups. Pellagra, poverty—oh my God, why is mankind so miserable!"

Less than three years before, this young woman's chief concern was a series of endless-chain love affairs with boys younger than she; a petty scandal in which narrow-minded high-school patrons accused her and associate teachers of smoking; and in general the same sort of emotional revolt that had characterized her at twenty-one. She was then twenty-six or twenty-seven. What happened to her in the ensuing depression years is revealed in a final letter, written after her promotion from case worker to county relief director. Not only is this letter a striking picture of the period; it reveals vividly, in a single example, what was happening in greater or lesser degree to a generation that had been brought up completely unaware of any individual or social responsibilities save to itself.

"When I am away from the office if I'm not worrying over work my brain is in a state of paralysis. I've been worried the past few weeks that something might snap and I'd go violently insane. Long hours of grind, unpleasant office changes, Sundays and nights of work, work,

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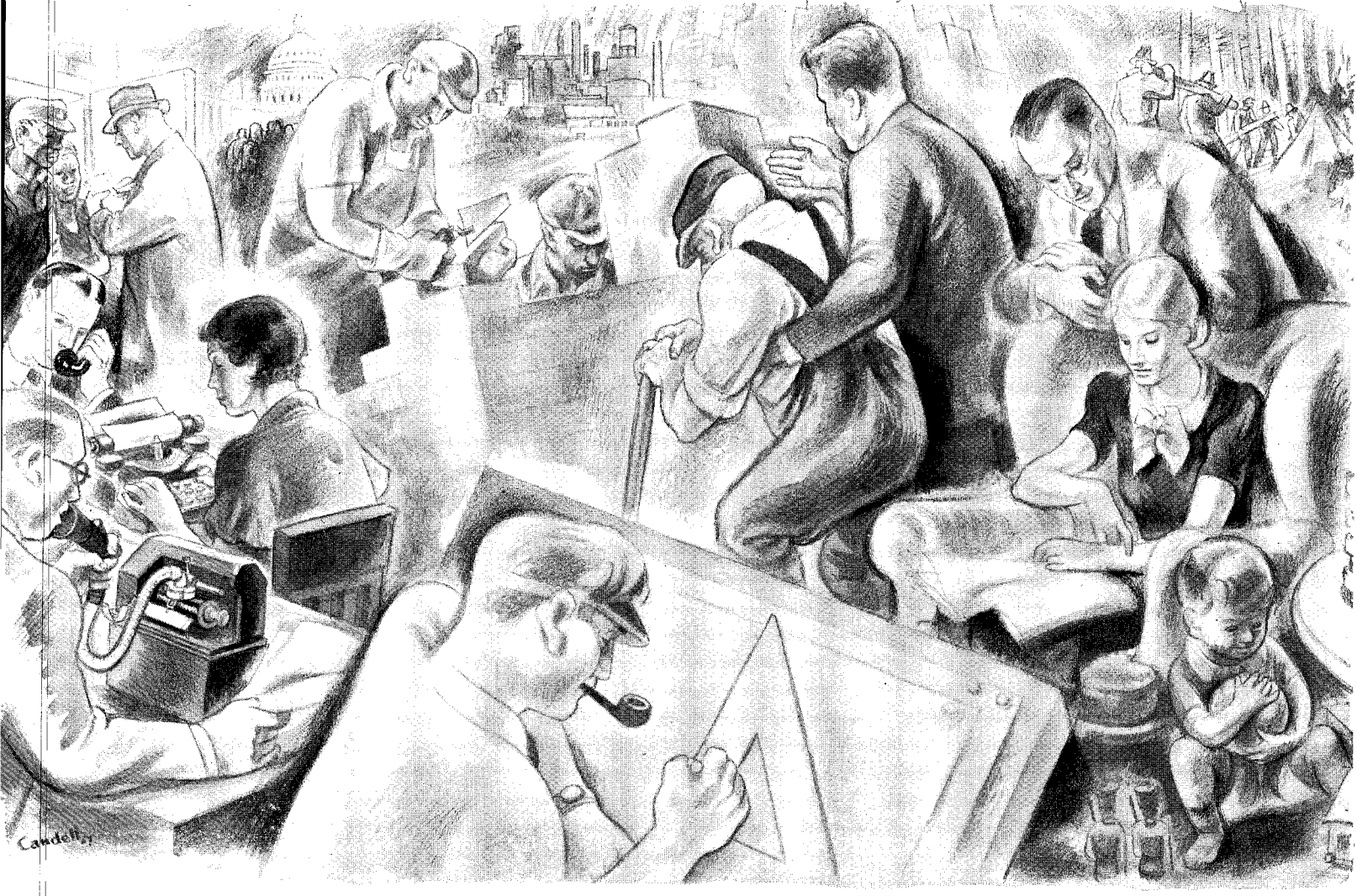

DRAWINGS BY VICTOR CANDELL

We were caught in the activities that changed the lives of our generation

with no light even peeping through the darkness have nearly got me and several others of the staff. My poor office manager stays in a quiver all the time and had to go to bed this week. Several others, including me, have had to go to bed. Washington should be building madhouses to put us in. . . . I can't stand to sit by and watch my force slaving without pitching in and helping, although I need a clear brain to work out our problems —forms, waivers, corn, peanuts, cotton, potatoes, steers, plows, fertilizer, stucco, sand, brick, carpenters, painters, common laborers, foremen, old men, old, old women soon to be cut off, many with no one to turn to and a county too broke to sustain an almshouse; cancer, T. B., hernia, hemorrhoids, cataracts that make men plow up young plants; blindness, deafness, six-foot men bursting into tears for food, or seed to plant their crops; knocks, knocks, although one tries to be fair and honest, underhand subtlety, loss of faith in people whose souls need rehabilitating and whom one tries to help so much, but who steal government commodities to exchange for liquor, attempts to oust faithful, efficient, loyal people from the force who have worked months on end, as hard for $1.80 per week as for $15 . . . cases, cases, cases, hour upon hour, to attempt to work out the salvation of families, until one's brain can see nor think nothing but human forms floating through constantly. . . .

"And all this makes me love people more at times and pity them. Sometimes I almost hate them, but that is momentary, for they are so helpless, so slack, so incapable; victims of heredity, victims of low intelligence. It all seems so hopeless and at times I think social work is all the bunk. Nature is too strong for us. Nature is God. Why not let it alone? On the other hand there are beautiful moonlight nights, green trees, loyal, lovable people who stick to their director, who love her in their way and whom she loves so much. . . .

"He [a fellow worker] really adores me in his fashion and treats me like a child even though he thinks I am very capable. If he ever marries again I think he would select me. If it came to that, I would be afraid and would think long and hard. It is such a serious business and I've reached a stage of uncertainty except when I ache for a child and a home. . . . I've a certain vision of a certain child, that is purely a mind-child, that always comes to mind. It's a shame I don't have a baby before I get too old. . . . I must not become sentimental. I've no time for sentimentality. There are others with their families, to think of and work for. . . ."

VII

SUDDENLY our generation had gained what we needed worst—the power to integrate life. Suddenly we had matured and through necessity had found objectives and perspective. As desperate as we felt our own plight and

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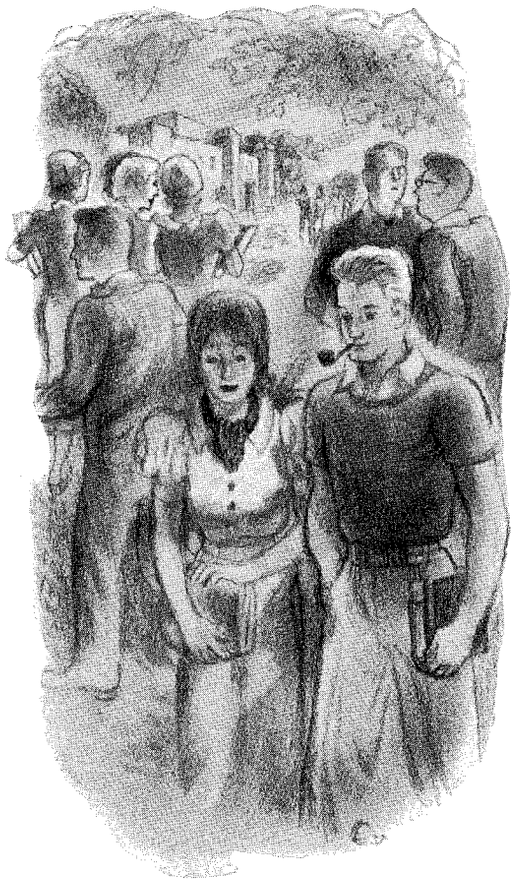
the plight of those around us, very few of us went under. We were still plastic and we did not snap. We accepted responsibility. The development of social conscience by the government was paralleled by the development of individual conscience and character in a generation composed formerly of narcissistic, emotional adventurers baying for the moon. We had come to a late ripening.

Hitherto, almost everything in our experience had denied us the power of integration. The complexity of the modern world, the breakdown of religion, the multiplicity of belief—all these things were centrifugal in their effect upon us. Our preceptors had deified analysis: the universe was split by sharp cleavage into the dry ice of science, the clanging machinery of business, the dusty burial urns of the church, the unreal world of art. In the universities, knowledge was divided in a thousand ways, card-indexed, codified, mummified. Small wonder we mistook the approaches to reality for reality itself; that we mistook a description of events for an understanding of them; that we read about the lovelife of one thousand women and thought we knew about love.

The Period of the Psyche, in which we, as a college generation, lived, covers roughly the middle twenties—though for some it may run much later. It has been followed by the Period of Reconstruction, the present college generation; and it was preceded by the postwar Jazz Era, when sex and bootleg liquor were meat and drink, the campus playboy slept drunkenly through all morning lectures, and the self-styled intellectuals never read the books in any of their courses. That was the day of open revolt against prewar customs—against censorship, the nunlike status of the coed, the military discipline of the men. Such street fighting for the rebellion, like the general postwar disillusionment and moral letdown, was as instinctive as the first mob violence of the Russian Revolution; and it was not until our own college generation that the real intellectual groups appeared and carried into the mind the revolt already begun.

At least this seemed to be true in my own university. What happened was, no doubt, that students finally were responding to the temper of the younger instructors, some of whom had experienced the War; young men and women flocked into philosophy classes where religion was being demolished; they experimented with the forbidden fruit of the Jazz Era, but they were more cautious with their liquor and more cerebral with their sex. They discovered and explored the subconscious; they read everything, they talked.



We flocked into philosophy classes

Even the Y. W. C. A. became a hothouse of emotional adventure for serious, deliciously frightened young females whose sexual repressions were dissected in the shadows of late afternoon tea. Youths and maidens read Somerset Maugham; in rapt tones they recited Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet;* with special permission they read Dreiser's *The Genius*. The last was usually a little strong for the girls, who preferred to read *The Prophet* aloud, play Schubert's *Serenade* or Debussy on a secondhand Victrola, and smoke cigarettes in the twilight—there was the female acquaintance who posed nude for the boy who wanted to be a sculptor, write stories, or perhaps paint; and who now, when he is sober, does advertising art for department stores. Some friends never came through this period of greensickness and receded into alcoholism and perversion. The rest regard our vanished selves with a certain amused awe. What would the conventional little college clerks of today think of us as we once were? Of our lavender promiscuity? Of our concern with art? Of our cabalistic conversation? The last would puzzle them the most of all. At chance reunions we still talk and talk. Secretly we shall always remain a little proud of our folly.

VIII

Entering maturity, we find we have accepted many of the old-fashioned virtues—pragmatically, of course, for we believe that moral terms require a redefinition in the circumstances of every problem to which they are applied. But we do believe in their redefinition. There is more hope for us as a generation than for any other alive: we lack the narrowness and pettiness of men beyond fifty; the cynicism and futility of the war and postwar group; the callow smugness of the new youth.

On the surface, the last group might appear superior; students in my own alma mater, at least, work harder; they are more serious, many more make their own way, they are interested in economics and sociology, they are no longer very excited about liquor, sex, and atheism; and a small group is deeply bound to the religion of tradition. Students seem to draw a sharper line between "decent" or "nice" girls and "easy" girls than in our day, and rumor has it that the business of the campus prostitute has increased; surely there are more student marriages

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than in my time. All this could be praised unreservedly were it not for the deadening fact that almost every characteristic of the new generation seems a mark of conservatism; that, apparently terrified by the vision of disaster toward which it has been whirled, this generation desires safety above all things; that it lacks a healthy sense of intellectual adventure and thus bears on its forehead a brand of death.

But we of the preceding generation still believe in, and do not fear, flux—the flow of the time stream; and in that stream we have somehow come upon a few fixed human faiths and ideals. What we prize in man is the fundamental decencies: the best that one finds in Hemingway, stripped of his futility—the very simple faiths that survive all the windy cries of moral and political and social dogma. The sense of futility is there, but more remote, the winding trumpet of fate that has always reminded man he is mortal.

We have not lost our conviction in life; we still go to the old wells of living. Hemingway condemned Catherine Barkley to death in childbirth with the comment that in the end life trapped one regardless of all his fine moral virtues:

"You never got away with anything. Get away hell! It would have been the same if we had been married fifty times."

"You did not know what it was about. You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you. Or they killed you gratuitously like Aymo. But they killed you in the end. You could count on that. Stay around and they would kill you."

All this we know now as we never did when we first parroted the phrases; yet we cling blindly to faith in the potential nobility of man. Catherine Barkley might be taken as the literary symbol of that faith. We don't know many Catherine Barkleys. But they exist. Occasionally men and women risk all selfish ambitions and possessions for something they think is fine and good. Sometimes love moves, if even so briefly, into nobility. Sometimes we are honest and decent. Sometimes we exhibit the courage that no one, back in those dim, dear days of Freud, told us we should need.

As for the college students of today, we wonder. Are they really the smug rubber dolls they seem? government clerks? corporation material? revolutionists? It all depends on whether the boom really comes—without it we may have the revolution, or fascism, or both. Personally we rather count on a war and the old-fashioned American boom. In a few years all these youngsters will probably own cars, radios, and stock in American Can. Then in the leisure of their false prosperity, which breeds art and the clumsy Anglo-Saxon lust for adventure, they can turn their attention from marriage and the business of making a living to the mystery of sex as we knew it. God help them when they encounter it.

Who Looks Upon an Ocean Bay

KATHRYN GRONDAHL

Who looks upon an ocean bay and loves its seeming
like a grass-blown pasturage unfenced, betrays
himself an exile, whose similes in early dreaming
were taken from the prairie and its creature ways.

He watches how the fishing boats return to mooring,
nuzzling blunt wet noses along the wharfhouse walls
much as barn-come prairie cattle do, assuring
their pasture-weary flanks of comfort in the stalls.

And often in the night when deep boathorns are blowing
because a fallen cloud has parted sea and stars,
he wakes to think he hears forgotten cattle lowing
with heavy-hanging udders along the pasture bars.

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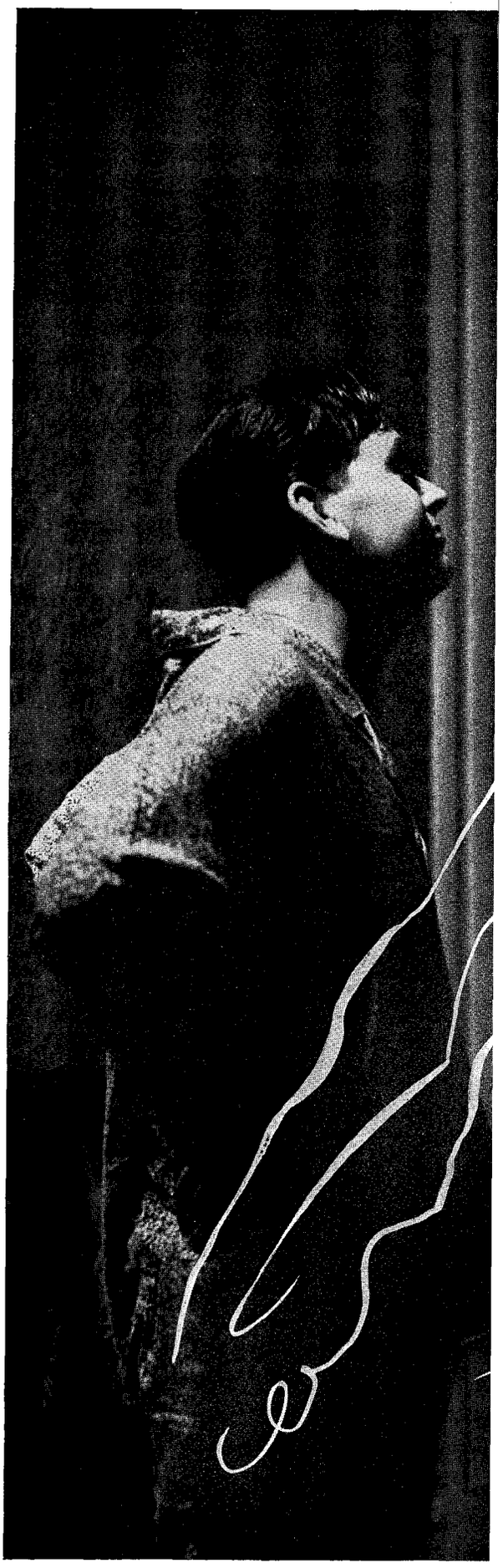
Ghost My Eye!

Miss Galt got an introduction, but Mr. Peters couldn't see it

WALTER BROOKS



THERE was a big house on a hill overlooking the Connecticut River not far from Middletown and in it were Mr. Bailey Harper the artist and his widowed mother Mrs. Gilbert Harper and a cook and three maids and a ghost. It was a comfortable house and even handsome in an incoherent Hispano-Tudor way for it had been built by Mr. Harper's father who had attempted to combine in it a liking for Spanish cooking and an intense admiration for Henry VIII. Mr. Harper was very fond of it and lived there most of the time though he had a studio in New York and went abroad a lot. His mother lived there all the time.

Mr. Harper was fond of the ghost too who was sort of company for him after his mother had gone to bed. But Mrs. Harper who had been a Rhys and was very proud of her ancient Welsh blood was ashamed of the ghost. For it was the ghost of a plumber who had been killed on the way back to the shop to get the tools he had forgotten. And his intense desire to finish the job had brought him back from the dim plumbers' hell to haunt unobtrusively in overalls the scene of the alleged leak. It was the overalls principally to which Mrs. Harper objected and indeed a ghost so attired does not suggest an aristocratic past. Mr. Harper thought it all rather amusing but out of deference to his mother he said nothing about the ghost to his friends and tried to keep him in the background as much as possible which was not always easy when he had house guests for a good deal of the haunting was done in the bathroom.

Well Mr. Harper was engaged to a girl named Elizabeth Galt whom he had cultivated at first as a matter of policy because she sold pictures in the Achselzucken Galleries which handled his work but later because she had that I-don't-know-what as the French say when they know perfectly well what. She was a handsome dark girl with a sulky sultry look and she loved to quarrel passionately about unimportant things. And that is really about all I can say about her except that she was crazy about Mr. Harper and thought his work was terrible.

So whenever Miss Galt could get away from the galleries Mr. Harper invited her up to Connecticut and then the summer before they were to be married she spent her vacation there and a lot of other people came. Mostly they were friends of the Harpers because Miss Galt came from Detroit or Kansas or somewhere and hadn't been in New York very long. There were Miss Sarah Appleby spinster who was a school friend of Mrs. Harper's and Major and Mrs. Pontoon Bentley and George Wreck the ornithologist and Kate Ruelle who models those little animals and the man she lived with Gregg Peters the communist who hadn't been an artist at all until one day in a telephone booth he found he had drawn a swell

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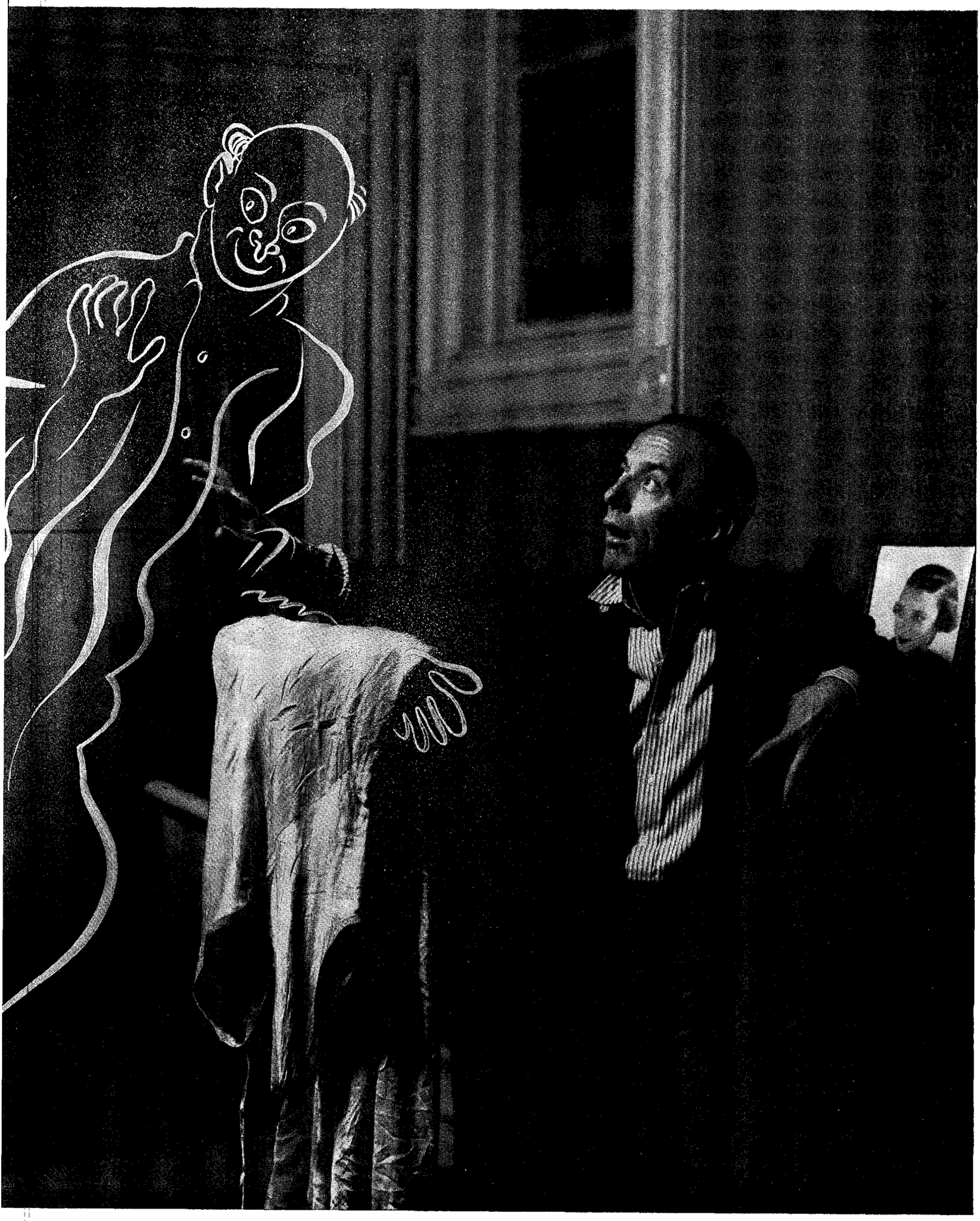

A figure in swirling draperies snatched up the nightgown

BANCKER-BIRKETT

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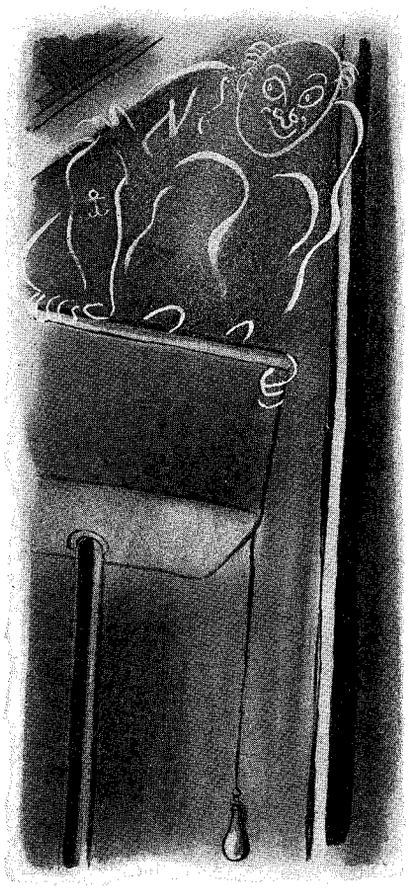
caricature of Hitler and has since made quite a name for his cartoons. Of course they haven't much variety because all he can draw is Hitler but he has made quite a lot on them because of the popular demand and if he could draw Mussolini too he would probably be a millionaire.

And besides these people there were Herbert Broom the water-colorist and his wife Theodora who didn't do anything but most people thought that was enough for she was one of those highly colored blondes who are almost too contrasty by daylight but swell at night. She and Mr. Harper had been engaged when they were art students at Munich but it hadn't really taken. And one night when they had been trapped by a storm in an inn Mr. Harper was so respectful that she broke it off. After that they were fast friends and she abandoned art and took up Mr. Broom who was one of those Englishmen who know all the answers without even having heard the questions. Mr. Broom tolerated the friendship and even occasionally praised some of Mr. Harper's work though as a water-colorist he thought oils rather childish.



ERVINE METZL

The ghost had behaved pretty well all this summer. Of course a number of bathrooms had been added since his death and the plumbing all changed around and most of the haunting had been a bewildered wandering from one to another which grew more bewildered as the years brought more changes. One or two guests had seen him but only as a sort of flitting shape for Mrs. Harper kept very dim bulbs in halls and bathrooms so that if seen he would not be recognized for what he was. So he was usually taken for another guest and nothing said since the unwritten law of country houses is never to recognize anybody you meet in the hall after midnight. But Miss Sarah Appleby did not know that rule and that was what caused all the trouble.

Well one night after everybody had gone to bed there was a tap on Mr. Harper's door and Mrs. Broom came in. Look Bailey she said anxiously have you got any phenobarbital? Goodness no! said Mr. Harper. Couldn't you have asked me earlier? Suppose somebody saw you. Oh nobody did said Mrs. Broom and anyway I'd rather have the whole house see me than have Bertie find out I forgot to get the stuff for him today as I promised for he'll want a couple as soon as he stops reading and you know how he is if you forget anything. So if you have something that looks like phenobarbital— So Mr. Harper went and looked in the medicine cabinet. Not many pills here he said. For cold—no they're too big. Strychnine!—now how did that get here? They're about the size but I suppose you wouldn't want—ah! he said nux vomica! Homeopathic stuff can't hurt him and they're just the size. So he gave her two and she thanked him and went back to her room.

But somebody did see Mrs. Broom and that was Miss Appleby and why she was peeking out of her door I can't tell you unless it was natural spinster curiosity. Anyway they were all sitting on the porch after breakfast and she said to Mrs. Harper Margaret did you know you had a ghost in the house? Mrs. Harper flushed a little and said Why—er yes Sarah there is a ghost. Did you see him? I did indeed said Miss Appleby Him or her. Her? said Mrs. Harper. Well *it* then said Miss Appleby but it had on women's clothes. And it disappeared into your son's room. Did you see it Mr. Harper? Mr. Harper laughed and was about to tell the truth which seemed the simplest thing but he glanced around and his mother was looking suspicious and Miss Galt was looking furious and Mrs. Broom was looking appealing and everybody else almost was grinning and so he said No. But there is a ghost he went on and he made up a long story about a White Lady who flitted and wrung her hands.

Well the story appeared to satisfy Miss Appleby and Major Bentley started one of his stories which always began Years ago when I was in Rangoon or Singapore or some such place and he went on and told how one night he had seen a ghost come out of his wife's bedroom as he came home late from the club. Some people I dare say he said smiling would have dismissed the whole thing with a laugh when they learned that I had been late at the club where of course one sometimes got a bit high but I have lived too long in the East to be skeptical about what we call the supernatural. And you remember darling he said turning to Mrs. Bentley whose face was dark red that I came into your room and you were frightened and had seen it too? Ah he said looking at her it upsets you even now—well I will say no more about it.

So somebody changed the subject and Mr. Harper sneaked off to his studio to think. But he had hardly begun thinking when Miss Galt came in. She looked sultrier than ever and she said Well Bailey so you've begun two-timing me already? Nonsense said Mr. Harper I don't know what the old cat saw but it was certainly no woman. For he didn't dare tell her that it had been Mrs. Broom of whom she was pretty jealous anyway. Well it certainly wasn't your old plumber either said Miss Galt who had been told in confidence about the ghost. And you know what George and Gregg said to me just now? she asked. Hello White Lady! they said. And if I'm to have the

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name I'll have the game too Bailey Harper. So they had a good row and she clawed him and he slapped her and then she burst into tears and went to her room.

Hell! said Mr. Harper and went down cellar to see if he could find the ghost. He called Hey Joe! a couple of times and the ghost materialized and said What you want? Look Joe said Mr. Harper I'm in a jam. Yeah? said the ghost bitterly Well what do you call what I'm in? I want to get this work done and these guys changed all the fittin's on me and— Sure sure said Mr. Harper but you know you've been with us a long time and will probably be here for a long time to come and we're glad to have you of course but I do think you might help me out if you can. And he explained what had happened and then he said Now if you were seen around the house a few times in another costume—a long white sheet for instance —you'd take the curse off me and everything'd be all right.

Is that so! said the ghost spitting some ghostly spit into a corner Well who's going to take the curse off *me?* And anyway he said I'm a plumber ain't I? How you expect me to do any work all rigged up in a sheet? You and your mother are always at me to do this or do that, wear fancy pants and spout poetry it was last time. Trouble with you Mr. Harper is you ain't got any consideration for the workin' man—you don't unnerstand his problems All you ever done is piddle around with little brushes makin' pretty pitchers— OK OK Joe said Mr. Harper I don't want to go against your principles but we've been friends a long time and I just thought you might want to help me out. Well I do any other way said the ghost but I ain't ashamed of bein' a plumber or lookin' like a plumber and when you ask me to wear dresses or kiddy suits— OK said Mr. Harper. Well I'll try to think of something else.

That day they all went down to Saybrook in the motor launch to some races and Mr. Harper imagined that everyone was grinning at him secretly as they were. But Miss Ruelle was the only one that said anything. She said Well Bailey so you got caught out by old Live-alone-and-look-it? For that was the name they had made up for Miss Appleby. You may not believe in the ghost Kate said Mr. Harper but that was what she saw. Oh come Bailey said Miss Ruelle you know that Gregg and I don't criticize you at least on moral grounds. Although she said thoughtfully if we take some trouble to respect your mother's prejudices I think you might. Bah! said Mr. Harper.

But Bah didn't solve anything and that evening he got hold of Mrs. Broom and they thought out a plan. She was to bring him one of her nightgowns which would be more manageable than a sheet and he was to put it on and haunt the halls in the character of the White Lady and be seen by as many people as possible. So that night he put on the nightgown over his pajamas and wrapped two towels around his head so they covered everything but his eyes and just before everybody came up to bed he hid in an alcove where the upper hall opened out at the head of the stairs. He got impatient, waiting there for them.

Well the first person who came up was Miss Ruelle and when he saw her head appear above the top step he glided out and stood there wringing his hands. It was pretty dark because Mr. Harper had jammed the switch so that even the regular hall lights wouldn't go on but though dim he was plainly visible. For heaven's sake! said Miss Ruelle staring. Then she beckoned to Mr. Peters who was coming up behind her and said Look Gregg darned if it isn't a ghost after all! What do you know! said Mr. Peters and they stood looking until Mr. Harper glided back into the alcove and went into a closet there and locked it.

So Miss Ruelle and Mr. Peters came and peeked into the alcove and tried the closet door and Miss Ruelle said Well old Live-alone-and-look-it was right—we done our Bailey wrong in our thoughts. The darn fool said Mr. Peters I always thought he was kinda pure though. And they went on up the hall.

Pretty soon Mrs. Harper came up and Mr. Harper went into his act again. Mrs. Harper stopped and peered at him and then she said hesitantly Joe is—is that you? Yes ma'am said Mr. Harper in a hoarse voice. Oh how nice of you! said Mrs. Harper It relieves me so because I thought last night— And then she broke off and said You know we've wanted you to do this for some time and really the costume is quite becoming Joe don't you think so yourself? But Mr. Harper merely grunted crossly and slid back into the alcove and his mother went on happily to her room.

Well the Bentleys came up and he worked it on them and then Miss Appleby came up and he danced around and waved his arms at her but she merely snorted and said Ho! So you are a ghost then! Well I'm not afraid of you. And he had to dive quickly into the alcove.

While he was there Miss Galt ran lightly up the stairs and before he could get out again she had gone into her room and closed her door. Heck! said Mr. Harper for she was the most important of the lot. And as only the Brooms and Mr. Wreck were still downstairs he slipped across into his own room to think what he should do. And just as he went in Mr. Broom's head appeared above the stairs but Mr. Harper did not see him.

Well the bathroom door was open and he heard a little noise in there so he went and looked in and there was the ghost bending over the tub. Hi Joe! said Mr. Harper and the ghost turned and saw him and let out a strangling whoop of fear and dismay and fell into the tub. Shut up you fool! said Mr. Harper but the ghost just lay there covering his face with his hands and trembling. Get up you! said Mr. Harper pulling off the towels and the nightgown it's only me—Bailey. And he went over and helped the ghost up which wasn't easy because it's hard to get hold of a ghost.

So Joe sat on the edge of the tub and got his breath and said What the hell's the idea Mr. Harper scaring me like that? You thought I was a ghost eh? said Mr. Harper laughing. He hung up the towels and tossed the nightgown out onto a bedroom chair. Well he said to tell you

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the truth it was unintentional. But it's a good idea he added. Good idea! said the ghost You mean you're going to pull that on me again? Oh now look Bailey that ain't no way to act. Cripes nobody ain't got nerves to stand things like that. Now look Bailey we always been friends and I been here a long time— If you remember that's what I said to you not so long ago remarked Mr. Harper but the argument didn't have much effect on you. No Joe he said I've appealed to friendship in vain and now I'm going to scare you to—well scare you. Unless of course— He paused and after a second the ghost said Aw well all right I'll play ball with you. He got up and waved his arms and all at once he was enveloped in luminous white draperies from which two fiery eyes glared. How's this? he asked. Swell said Mr. Harper It's grand Joe. And I promise I won't ask you to do it often. When I need you I'll call and— He paused as a knock came on the bedroom door. Wait around he said and ran out just as the door opened and Mr. Broom came in.

You must excuse me Harper said Mr. Broom stiffly but I heard a scream in here and voices and— He stopped suddenly as his eye fell on the nightgown. He walked slowly across and picked it up and his face turned pale. This is my wife's nightgown Harper he said. So it was she I saw coming in here as I came up the stairs. Theo? said Mr. Harper. You're crazy Broom. She's not here. Then may I ask how that got here? inquired Mr. Broom. Why I—hell I don't know stammered Mr. Harper I never saw it before. Ah said Mr. Broom. Yes I see it all now. Well if that is the way things are I shall not stand in her way. Good night Harper. I regret that you didn't come to me honestly but you may tell her that she shall have her divorce without any opposition from me. I shall leave of course the first thing in the morning. But before going I must warn you that I feel it my duty to have a talk with Miss Galt. Poor girl! He turned to go.

Hey wait a minute! said Mr. Harper I tell you she isn't here. Search if you want to. Look in the clothes press— under the bed— But Mr. Broom smiled acidly. I should suppose that you would prefer to spare her under the circumstances he said pointing to the nightgown. Good gosh! said Mr. Harper. To the best of my knowledge Theo is still down on the porch with George where she's been most of the evening. But before you look there we're going to look here. And he kicked the bed across the floor and then dragged Mr. Broom about until it was plain that there was no one else in the room. There! he said triumphantly.

But Mr. Broom merely shook his head. I regret this he said but your eagerness to explain away the facts forces me to only one conclusion. Am I to understand that after —this—you do not wish to marry Theo? Of course I don't want to marry her said Mr. Harper and there isn't any *this* you idiot in spite of the nightgown. I've told you I don't know how it got here but I suppose it's that damn ghost. He—that is she is always dragging things around the house. Ah yes the ghost said Mr. Broom. Very convenient. Oh my . . .! groaned Mr. Harper and then he suddenly said in a loud voice Joe! Hey Joe! Help me this once and I'll never scare you again.

At this terrifying outburst a look of alarm shot across Mr. Broom's cold face and he turned to make a rush for the door. But before he could get there a hoarse voice said OK Bailey and a figure in swirling draperies swept through the bathroom door a foot from the floor fixed the terrified water-colorist for a moment with flaming eyes then snatched up the nightgown and vanished.

Ye gods! said Mr. Broom brokenly sinking into a chair. He struggled with himself for a moment and then said Harper I—I'm afraid there's nothing to say. I've made a fool of myself. Forgive me. The sight of an Englishman and particularly this Englishman apologizing was too much for Mr. Harper. Nonsense he said. Perfectly natural mistake. These old family ghosts are hell sometimes with their perverted sense of humor but we just have to bear it. Mr. Broom looked up. But—you called her Joe didn't you? he asked. Name is Josephine said Mr. Harper and of course I've known her from boyhood. Remarkably deep voice said Mr. Broom. She's very old said Mr. Harper. Ah said Mr. Broom and then he apologized again abjectly and left.

Well in a minute the ghost came back. He whirled around the ceiling a couple of times in a sort of scarf dance and then settled and said Kinda fun at that. How'm I doing Bailey? Wonderful said Mr. Harper but there's one thing more I want and then I promise I'll let you go back to your work. So he explained and then he went down the hall and tapped on Miss Galt's door and went in.

Miss Galt was sitting up in bed crying and she looked very lovely. But she said You get out of here Bailey Harper! I'm going home tomorrow and I don't ever want to see you again. Hey Joe! said Mr. Harper and the ghost came up through the floor and sat down on the chaise longue and blinked at them. Wh-what! exclaimed Miss Galt. The White Lady said Mr. Harper Meet my fiancée Miss Galt. I'm not your fiancée said Miss Galt and there isn't any White Lady. But she didn't sound very sure. Doesn't this explain any thing? asked Mr. Harper. We-e-ell said Miss Galt. But the plumber you told me about? she said. Show her Joe said Mr. Harper and there was the ghost of a plumber in his overalls with a bag of tools over his shoulder. How clever! said Miss Galt. So the ghost got up and went over and shook hands with her and said Pleased to meet you ma'am. All right Joe said Mr. Harper and the ghost vanished.

Well a little later Mr. Harper went back to his room but he stubbed his toe in the hall and said something and Mr. Peters who was still up opened his door a crack and looked out. Ho hum! said Mr. Peters and then he said Ghost my eye! And after a minute he said Well when in Rome. . . . And he went down the hall and tapped on Miss Ruelle's door.

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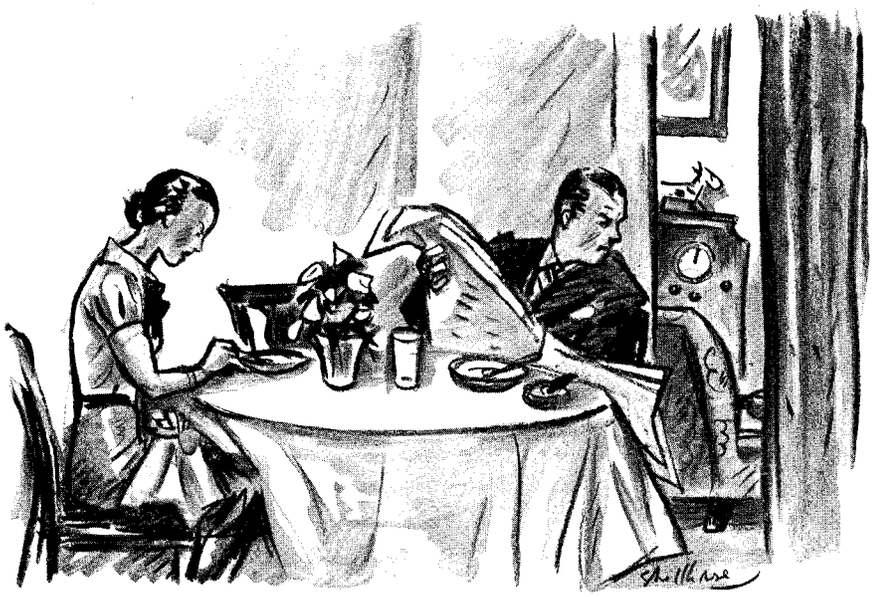

Three Tables

Bridge and the girls intrude into eight months of married life

VIRGINIA BIRD

Nora hurried into the kitchen, and even before she took off her hat, she put water for the corn on to heat. If she rushed now, she'd have dinner ready on time for Joe. She hadn't meant to stay at Irma's so late, but she was having such a wonderful time she couldn't bear to leave until the very last minute. Anyway, she couldn't expect the perfect freedom of a single girl——

When she started to leave, Peg said, "Don't rush away just to get dinner, Nora. Let Joe cook himself bacon and eggs or something." But Nora didn't believe in that. After all, she had been married only eight months, and had never been away from Joe for dinner, and besides he couldn't boil water.

On her way home, she bought pork chops, a can of peas, string beans, and canned peaches for dessert. A slipshod meal, but she would make up for it tomorrow night.

While Nora bustled around the kitchen, she kept thinking about the afternoon. Of course the girls had really been her best friends, before she married Joe. And it was such a relief just to be herself again with them. Considering that she had avoided them ever since her marriage, refusing their invitations to bridges and matinees—when she had always been the one girl they could *count* on—they had been awfully sweet to her. Just to get out of the house, she had gone for a walk after lunch, and suddenly decided to visit Irma. And Louise and Peg were there!

They hovered eagerly around her, as though she had just come back from a trip, asking about Joe and herself. And Louise told her that her new blue dress just matched her eyes, and everything, just everything, had been *so* nice! Finally they played bridge, but they had done more talking than playing. She told them how Joe put catsup on all kinds of food, and even how he puttered importantly around the radio, until he blew all the fuses! Everyone laughed at that, Louise said that was her Bill to a T, and Peg said in one way or another, wasn't it just like all men? And they all laughed again. It was almost as much fun as high-school days, when, gathered at Irma's, they laughed about Buster Hopkins' tremendous red ears——

And sitting there, gay and tingling with the excitement of being really *intimate* with someone again, Nora realized that she had been terribly lonely with Joe. She had thought at first that being married would change her whole life, and secretly she had waited for it to happen. But nothing at all had happened. Joe seemed willing enough just to come home and sit around, but if that's all marriage was ever to be, it was pretty dull. And even though Joe was always interested in what she had been doing during the day, and listened and commented attentively, still it wasn't nearly as satisfying and thrilling as talking to the girls. She hadn't been aware, until today, how deeply she needed their company, even though she

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was married now, and of course more mature. She felt quite guilty about having neglected them for Joe.

While she was breading the chops, Nora heard Joe's "Hello, hon!" from the hall. Wouldn't you know he'd be early just tonight? But she answered cheerfully, "Hello, darling!" and hurriedly put the chops in the skillet.

A minute later, Joe appeared in the doorway. As Nora said, "You're early, darling," she noted the deep lines between his eyebrows, his tired, hunched shoulders. His voice had an edge of weary gruffness as he explained, "Inventory tomorrow night. Got away earlier tonight."

"Fine!" Nora said. "Dinner'll be ready soon."

She hoped he would turn back into the living room, but instead, he leaned against the door, hands in his pockets. At the table, the refrigerator, the range, Nora made a flurry with dishes, coffee, butter, cream.

"Anything I can do?" Joe asked.

"No, thanks, dear," she said pleasantly, then with a smile, added, "Unless you want to set the table——"

"Sure thing," Joe said, as he left the doorway. Nora was relieved to have the kitchen once more to herself. She could work faster if she weren't bumping into Joe at every step. And she needn't hurry so, either.

Once, as she brushed her damp hair from her forehead, she remembered Irma saying across the table, "Nora, you'd look awfully cute with your hair all off your face. Why don't you wear it that way?"

Now and then, Joe interrupted to ask where the clean napkins were, or clumped in to fill the sugar bowl. Nora answered him briefly.

When she went into the living room, Joe was in his big chair, reading the paper. Noticing his hat and coat lying across the divan, Nora put them away. She thought with brief amusement of Louise's solemn warning, "Don't baby your husband too much, Nora, or he'll take it for granted you ought to wait on him hand and foot."

Well, she needn't worry about Joe. She could handle him. Seeing his grimy hands then against the newspaper, she said gently, "Darling, do wash your hands. Dinner's almost ready."

Without stopping his reading, Joe sputtered after her, "Say, what is this? I know when to wash my hands!"

Nora called pleasantly as she went into the bedroom, "Then have a look at yourself, dear."

Before the mirror, she brushed her hair vigorously, then combed it straight back and fastened it. For a few moments, she looked at herself uncertainly. It looked terribly plain, even straggly, at the ends. But then, it was only the beginning. With training, it would be clean-cut, and well-groomed. After putting more color on her lips, Nora went out to the table.

Joe switched on the radio before he sat down. He looked much fresher now, and Nora decided to keep at him about his appearance. After all, she wouldn't want Louise, or anyone in fact, to see him looking as dusty and unkempt as when he came in.

With mild irritation, Joe said, "Gosh, honey, you know I don't like pork chops."

Another time, Nora would have apologized, and explained immediately that she stayed at Irma's so late she had to buy something that cooked quickly. But then Joe oughtn't to get the habit of complaining over every small thing, so instead she said, "But Joe dear, we have to have them sometimes. We can't have steak or a roast *every* night."

Joe grinned easily then, and said, "Don't see why not." But his eyes caught on her as he looked up. "What have you done to your hair?" he asked.

"Like it?" Nora asked, turning her head from side to side.

After an uncertain inspection, Joe said good-naturedly, "Why sure, honey. Only it looks sort of scalped." Failing to see Nora's hurt glance, he buttered his bread, adding, "I hope you aren't going in for stark black and heavy mascara and all that. I can't see this tense woman effect, myself."

"Now Joe," Nora reproved, "you don't know the smart thing." Then a little louder, "But you're starting to learn right now, darling."

Earnestly, Joe studied her. Then he said, "But, Nora, you're *pretty*. Sort of soft and cute. You don't look your best in severe lines——"

"That's old-fashioned, Joe dear. You don't keep up with women's styles."

"Maybe I don't," Joe agreed calmly, continuing with his dinner, "but I know how I like my wife."

Nora said quickly then, "Oh, but Joe! I'm *not* just

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your wife. I really must express myself individually, as an independent personality——"

It sounded a little like a suffrage speech to her, and she stopped suddenly. But if she told him about Irma and Louise suggesting helpful things to her, he would only laugh, or maybe say sarcastically, "Then don't mind *me,* Nora. I'm only a man. You listen to *them.*" She was silent, but returned Joe's glance firmly. She fancied she could hear Louise saying, "Don't let him get the upper hand *this* early——"

Then after a minute, a slight frown between his eyes, Joe said, "I must be cramping your style a lot, Nora."

She flushed under the quiet bitterness in his voice, in his steady eyes. Nora looked down at her plate at once, but he was still watching her. Suddenly, with impatience, she cried, "Oh, Joe!" and got up from the table.

"Bring in more bread, will you, Nora?" Joe asked easily, handing her the bread plate. Her face hot, Nora took it and walked away.

In the kitchen, she got more bread from the wrapper. Useless to try to make a man see a woman's view.

Well, the next time, she wouldn't rush away from the girls just to cater to Joe! She'd give him time to think over a few things. Then, abruptly, and with a little panic, she remembered Louise saying, "Oh, you'll learn, Nora. You have to make men toe the mark if they're to have any respect for you. Wait until you've been married eight years. You'll let him get his own supper, or tell him to make enough money to hire a cook. Because if you want to have any independence left, you can't give them an inch."

Of course, Nora decided hurriedly, assuringly, her case wasn't as extreme as Louise's, at all. But everything started simply enough.

Then, against the window, Nora heard the first soft patter of rain. Irma and Peg, she knew, were going over to Joan's tonight, to plan for the new club tournament. Despite the rain, she wished she were going with them.

She carried the bread out to the table and sat down again, without speaking. Joe, listening now to the sports broadcast, ate mechanically, nodding at Nora whenever he liked the scores.

Nora nodded, too, in answer. But she was thinking that a little while ago she would have been listening attentively with him, and after the broadcast they might have talked over the games, and planned to see Joe's favorite team. But, she was beginning to question, was all that only an artificial intimacy? Wouldn't Joe be just as satisfied with an occasional "Yes?" or "Did you, dear?"

Then remembering in a rush all the pleasant times she had had with the girls, at bridges, matinees, in tearooms and shops, talking over just *everything,* Nora was sharply, irritably impatient at having to sit across from Joe, wrapped so comfortably in his self-satisfaction. She felt strapped to her chair, her fork became unbearably heavy, the air stifling. With difficulty she kept her eyes on her plate, when she wanted to run from the table, seize her hat and coat and rush down to Irma's.

The program changed then, and as dance music whirred softly into the room, Joe said, "What say, Nora, we go down to see Bing Crosby at the Metro? It's pretty good, I hear."

Nora looked at him very gently. "But darling," she said, "it's raining so, and we're both pretty tired, aren't we? I'd rather just stay in."

Disappointed, Joe murmured, "O.K." They finished the peaches without speaking again.

After that, Nora was very cheerful. She cleared the table quickly, refusing Joe's offer to help, and sang to herself in the kitchen. Once, when she came back to the table, Joe said, "I forgot to tell you, Nora, I may be late tomorrow night. I'll call you at noon."

"All right, Joe," she answered, on her way back into the kitchen—then, "and oh, darling, maybe you could have dinner downtown. It's so hard to start a late meal."

She heard his grunt of assent with satisfaction. If he were late, she could run over to Irma's. And they could even go to see Bing Crosby! She really ought to do something to repay her lovely visit today——

Later in the evening, when Nora was reading, she put down her paper, and looked around the living room. She was sorry now that she had agreed with Joe on old-fashioned mahogany for such a small room. She should have insisted on light, modern stuff, even if Joe did say it was too glaring. Irma had been telling her this afternoon about her sister-in-law's new apartment, all done in blond maple. Well, at least when she put up light drapes, and got new slip covers, the room would look larger. Maybe Peg, with such grand taste in those things, would come with her, to help select the material.

In fact, Nora measured, with quick, growing elation, if she moved the divan against the wall, and put Joe's chair in the bedroom, she could manage three tables of bridge. Why yes—yes she could—! Three tables!

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Scribner's American Painters Series

No. 6—"WHITE-FACED CATTLE," BY HOWARD COOK

Few artists of our time have so clearly expressed the character of the various parts of this country as Howard Cook. He is keenly aware of what is going on in America today and paints his rural fiddlers, cowboys, baptisms, and landscapes with seriousness of purpose and naturalness. Unlike the favorites of the critics, there is no conscious striving after style in his work, no effort to produce a typical Cook picture or print. Everything is adapted to the particular situation which confronts him, and when he does a sharecropper of the Southeast, there is no mistaking the portrait for anything else.

Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1901, he spent part of his youth in farm work and finally came to New York, where he studied for three years at the Art Students League. Most of his ability is the result of application and practical personal experience. In New York, he was drawn to the life of the docks, ships, and city streets. One of the most formative influences in his life was a period of travel and intensive sketching through Europe, the Orient, Asia Minor, and Central America.

Magazine experience came next, with woodcut illustrations for Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop,* appearing in the *Forum* in 1926. Since then the Guggenheim Foundation has twice awarded him a traveling fellowship, once to Mexico, where he learned the technique of fresco painting, and once for a trip through the United States (1935–36). In 1927 he had his first one-man show in the Denver Art Museum and two years later his first Eastern show at the Weyhe Gallery in New York. Up to this period the bulk of his work had been concerned with woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings. During the past ten years he has extended his activities to water colors, pastels, and fresco murals.

In the course of his second Guggenheim expedition, Cook traveled through the South and the Southeast, particularly Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Alabama, and southern Texas. He says that it was his aim to find out what made the Kentucky mountaineer different in character from the Texas cowboy, why the natives of Alabama think and feel differently from their brethren in North Carolina. In his last exhibition in New York, Cook proved conclusively that he is both artist and sociologist, for never before have the different sections of America been painted with the searching analytical seriousness that is the reason for his success.

The picture reproduced here, "White-faced Cattle," is part of a group done in Texas. Cook speaks of the "cattlemen, physical giants equaling in grandeur the vast country to which they belong as essentially as the mesquite and prickly pear that cover their desert," but in this sketch the men are subordinated to the imposing geometrical quality of the cattle, a special breed developed in our Southwest. Everything becomes secondary in the face of the vertical architectonic design that the artist has imposed on his composition, while the forms are kept angular to suggest solidity and massiveness.

For five years Cook was represented among the annually chosen "Fifty Prints of the Year." His most recent honors include this year's Architectural League gold medal for a fresco sketch, "Mississippi Stevedores"; first prize in the Philadelphia Print Club show for his woodcut, "Baptism"; a fresco mural in Mexico (1932); two fresco murals in the Springfield courthouse (1934); a Treasury Department fresco in the Pittsburgh courthouse (1936); and the winning of a Treasury Department commission to do a 750-square-foot fresco in San Antonio, Texas. "White-faced Cattle" (reproduced opposite) is to be part of this history of Texas. Considering the impressive list of the things he has done and the far places he has visited and studied, one might expect Cook to be an unusually dramatic or romantic type of individual. Actually, he is a calm, deliberate, and hard-working person who is unusual only in the sense that he thinks with his brush.

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers
Picture, courtesy Weyhe Gallery, New York

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Why Do They Read It?

BELLE ROSENBAUM

Explaining that bewildering American phenomenon, Gone with the Wind *— how it changed the reading habits of a nation, why it outsold all best-sellers*

A NATION that presumably has no time for books has found time for a novel that contains only twenty-five pages less than the Sears Roebuck catalogue. When the Pulitzer Prize Committee gave its annual fiction award this year to *Gone with the Wind,* the news was greeted with popular approval. A few critics, and some more exacting persons, had hoped for another choice, but by and large, it was considered a natural and inevitable selection. Millions of satisfied readers nodded approval and smugly felt their enthusiasm vindicated. For the first time a Pulitzer prize has been awarded to a novel with a sales record of over a million copies.

Gone with the Wind was published June 30, 1936, and by Christmas of that year it had sold a million copies, setting a record as the fastest-selling volume in history. It is 1037 pages long, and if all the copies sold to date could be piled one upon another, the stack would be two hundred and fifty times taller than the Empire State Building.

The Hollywood producing firm which bought the motion-picture rights has received 100,000 letters suggesting various film stars for the rôles of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler, leading characters in the novel.

A New York taxicab driver has claimed the record for reading the book through in the shortest possible time—eighteen and a fraction hours. The average is a week, though it can easily be done in three days with time out for meals and sleep. If all of the 50,000,000 Americans who are old enough and literate enough to read the book were to follow this procedure, the time expended would amount to 410,000 years, or, in round numbers, infinity.

Nothing like it has ever happened in the publishing industry. *Anthony Adverse,* a forerunner in size and romantic appeal, was a tremendous seller for two years, but it sold a mere 300,000 copies in its first six months and only about 750,000 in three years. The combined books of Joseph Conrad, when he was at the height of his fame, sold a million copies in five years.

A lot of other time—enough if used wisely to understand the relativity theory or discover a cure for cancer—is being spent by critics and publishers to divine the reason for this mass immersion in a story about the South after the Civil War and what happened to certain people whose lives were disrupted and left dangling by the surrender at Appomattox.

In part, it is an ordinary phenomenon of taste. The Civil War has always been popular as a fiction subject with Americans, because it contains more elements of human drama than any other crisis in the country's history. It set us against each other, and it left the South in the appealing position of a beaten but beautiful foe. The Southerners were charmingly romantic in their perpetuation of the dispute at a higher level. They continued rebellious in spirit, proud and gracious of manner, and dignified among the ruins of their economic system.

But there have been other books about the Civil War and the Reconstruction days. Stephen Crane, without ever seeing a battle, wrote a magnificent story about a young Federal soldier, *The Red Badge of Courage.* It made Crane famous, and it is still a favorite. There were thousands of other books about the struggle and its aftermath between Crane's book, written in the nineties, and *Gone with the Wind.* Yet these two stand out, and because both writers followed the same method of preparation, it may be that there was method in their system. As a boy, Crane read everything he could lay his hands on that pertained to the War. He lived with a dream of himself as a young soldier. He executed his book with simplicity. Margaret Mitchell did likewise. She lived for seven years with her characters, and she knew them thoroughly, even to the clothes they liked to wear and the foods they liked to eat, and how much money they had in their pockets at any given moment. When she executed her book, she did it with the simplicity of rushing narrative.

Both Crane and Miss Mitchell recognized, perhaps intuitively, that the primary task of a writer—poet, novelist, or playwright—is to tell a story, a story about ordi-

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nary human beings with ordinary feelings and intellects, who are faced with the solution of problems imposed upon them by history, God, or other human beings. This, in essence, is the drama of man: He is operated upon by forces over which he has no control, and with the rational elements within him—mind and conscience—he must accept them as his experience and continue to exist with and despite them. The Civil War and the South afterward are the best laboratories in America for this drama. All they need are good taletellers. Crane was an artist. Miss Mitchell, though not a great artist and possibly a one-book writer, is a great taleteller.

But these things do not explain the phenomenal sale of her book. They expose reasons for a normally good sale. If *The Red Badge of Courage* had appeared in place of *Gone with the Wind,* it might have had a normal sale, a fairly good sale, or it might have been lost in the shuffle of too much good reading. It is a brief book, for one thing, and it centers on a single experience. There are no women in it. Ladies all over the country would not go to visit their neighbors with copies clutched to their bosoms, to sit solidly and with determination on the overstuffed lounge and proclaim with prophetic voice, "You simply *must* read this book!"

That is what happened to *Gone with the Wind,* and its story has nothing to do with the popular triumph of art. It belongs to another class of miracles—the kind we shall have to look backward to understand.

Historical romance had always been popular way back to Walter Scott. (At the turn of the century, historical novels had a staggering success: *Richard Carvel, The Crisis, When Knighthood Was in Flower, Janice Meredith*—all these sold from a half-million to a million copies.) So had war. Before 1860 such books as *Napoleon and His Generals* and *Washington and His Generals,* though stodgy and little read, had huge sales. After the Civil War a horde of disabled veterans became book agents and went around the country dropping tomes of the great conflict on every library and kitchen table. They fell with a dull thud, for they were immense and pedantic. But they were purchased, and in thousands of homes became the only companions of the family Bible. People liked to read about the War.

Then the Civil War drifted away. Its garrulous veterans died out; young men invented automobiles, airplanes, and all sorts of amazing things. A lot of potential young writers were busy at brooding, and there was talk of social consciousness, the inequality of the masses, eugenics, slum clearance. Among the books popular at that time were *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* by Harold Bell Wright, and *The Harvester,* by Gene Stratton-Porter. The War had given way to the Wild West and the wheat fields, but the formula was the same: simple folk fought with gun and Christian conscience against Satan, wind, and death.

In 1912 there was a marked change. Theodore Dreiser, in *The Financier,* began to debunk heroes and make them helpless victims of gross passions; Edith Wharton told, in *Ethan Frome,* a stark and naked tale of horror and frustration which as late as 1936 was made into a successful play; Owen Johnson put forth a document attacking snobbery at New Haven, in his *Stover at Yale.* The intellectual revolution had come: realism, scientific intrusion into the supernatural, disrespect for wealth, long and cerebral tales, and recognition of conceit as poor blind fear were all represented in the book lists. The new age had begun.

The World War stopped it. A simple, primary madness enveloped the earth. Great men spoke with the minds of morons. Everybody forgot books, labor, social consciousness, and everything but battle. Then, suddenly, the War was over. America soon woke up to find herself with prohibition, woman suffrage, freedom of the sexes, the radio, air transportation, and universal higher education. The newspapers were printing foreign news on the front page.

The book business, as always, was the mirror of the age. Ernest Hemingway and James Joyce and a host of others began to write four-letter words and insinuate even worse things. Marcel Proust, rotting in a cork-lined room in Paris, became a great man. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote *This Side of Paradise,* and high-collared old men and heliotrope ladies staggered under the shock. The Lost Generation and the Younger Generation emerged—contemptuous, irreverent, flaunting their jazz and their flappers and their great discoveries of anatomy, fertility, and reproduction. Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* became their Bible; Edna St. Vincent Millay's line, "My Candle burns at both ends," was their theme song; Joyce's banned and ununderstandable *Ulysses* was their god. Everything was now going to be revealed, and it was going to be all right, too.

Revelation came quickly. Fitzgerald, just out of Princeton, fired the opening gun in 1920 with his little tale that talked in a big voice, a tale which then was frightening and daring, and which now seems mild and innocuous. In Europe, Joyce, going blind, saw his monument to the stream of consciousness printed and promptly banned, much to the joy of the first wave of American postwar tourists, who read the last forty pages and discovered why Adam and Eve were thrown out of Eden.

Not all of the new world was anatomical and glandular. A novel called *Main Street,* by Sinclair Lewis, made it all right to consider American life in the Middle West dull. H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* demonstrated that chronology and sequence can be absorbing facts and that it is not difficult, after all, to find out everything of importance that has happened on the earth. Wells helped to open up the stream of history to lay readers and to prove to them that human nature is much the same here, there, now, and yesterday.

Meanwhile, women were gleefully mastering the much-vaunted theory of the equality of the sexes. They were reading books on psychology, psychoanalysis, and sex, and, since there was no rule against their entrance into speak-easies, as long as they knew Jack, they poured this knowledge out to bartenders who were amazed, thrilled, and finally bored. Men were (*continued on page* 69)

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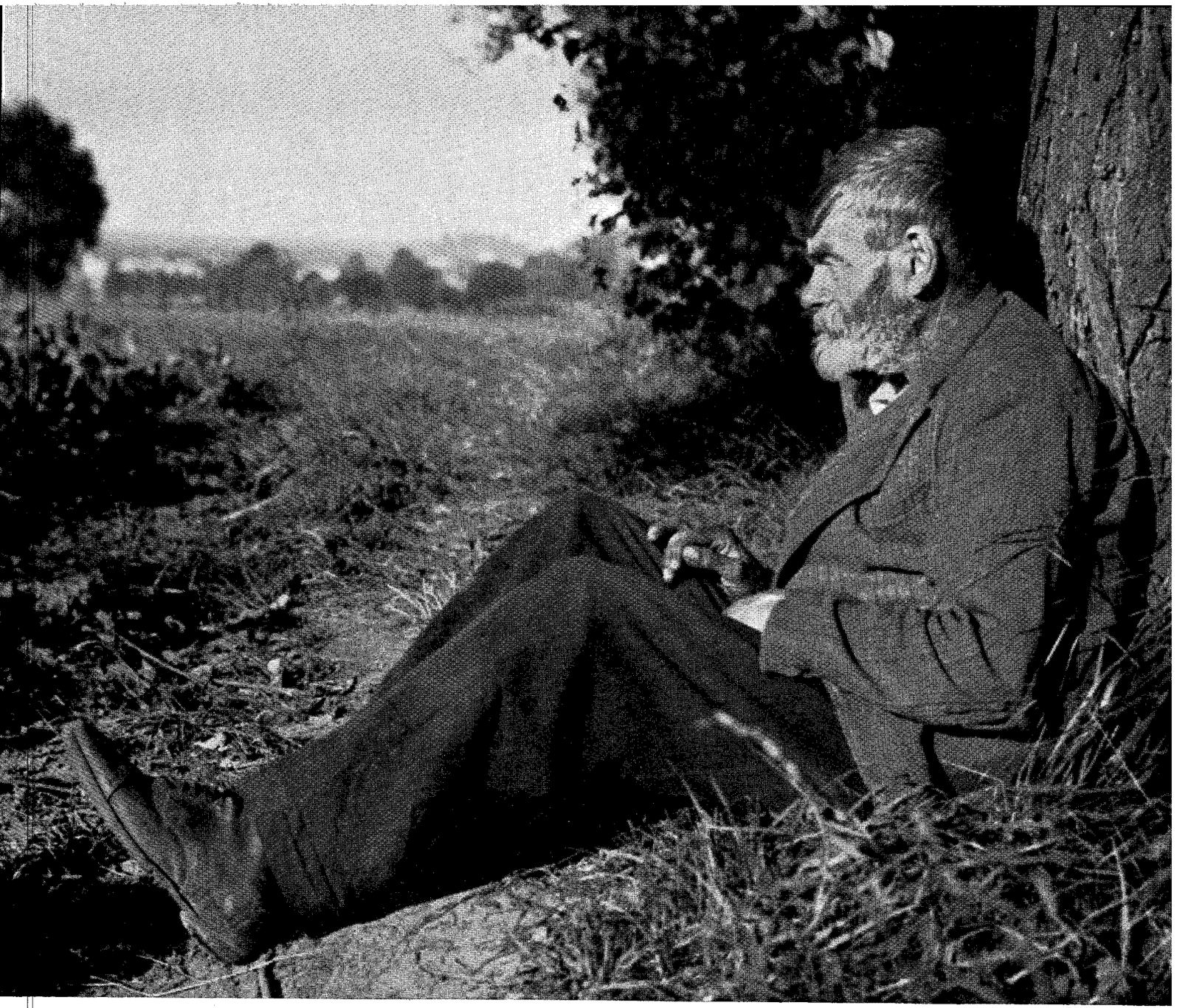

WHEN EVENING NEARS—VICTOR POKORNY

SCRIBNER'S PORTFOLIO OF AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY

Perhaps the most significant fact about the photographs hereinafter reproduced is that ten of the sixteen pictures were made by amateurs—business people, lawyers, teachers, radio operators, and the like. The quality of their work merits inclusion in any collection of the outstanding work of the past twelvemonth. While SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE makes generous use of photographic features from month to month, the Editors propose to publish this Portfolio of American Photography once each year. Like the rest of the magazine, it will reflect life in the United States in all its varied aspects. The assistance of the Leitz, Eastman, and Zeiss companies in compiling this Portfolio is gratefully acknowledged.

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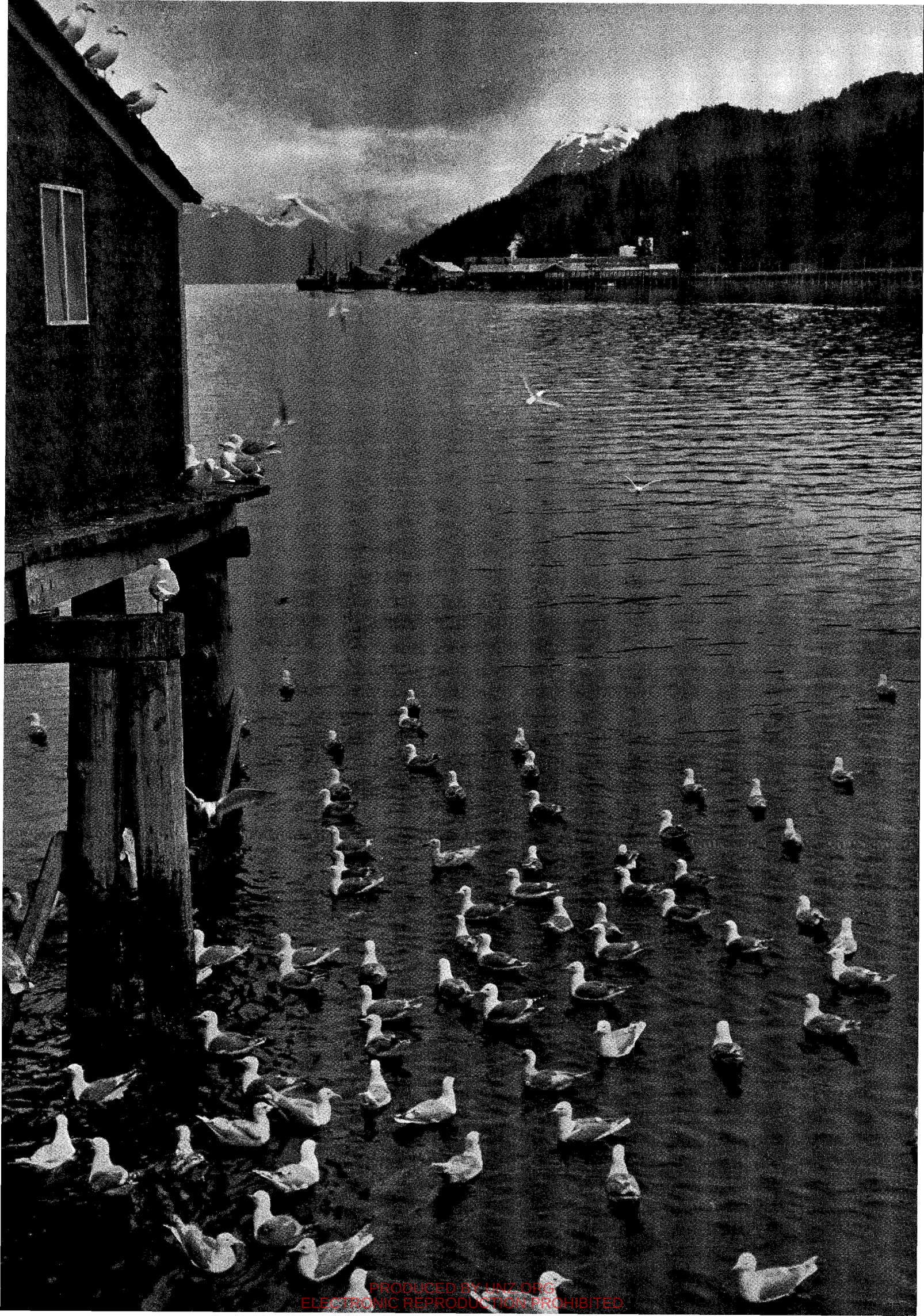

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THE YOUNG ROUSTABOUTS—MARGARET NOYES

SALMON CANNERY, CORDOVA, ALASKA—JOHN KABEL

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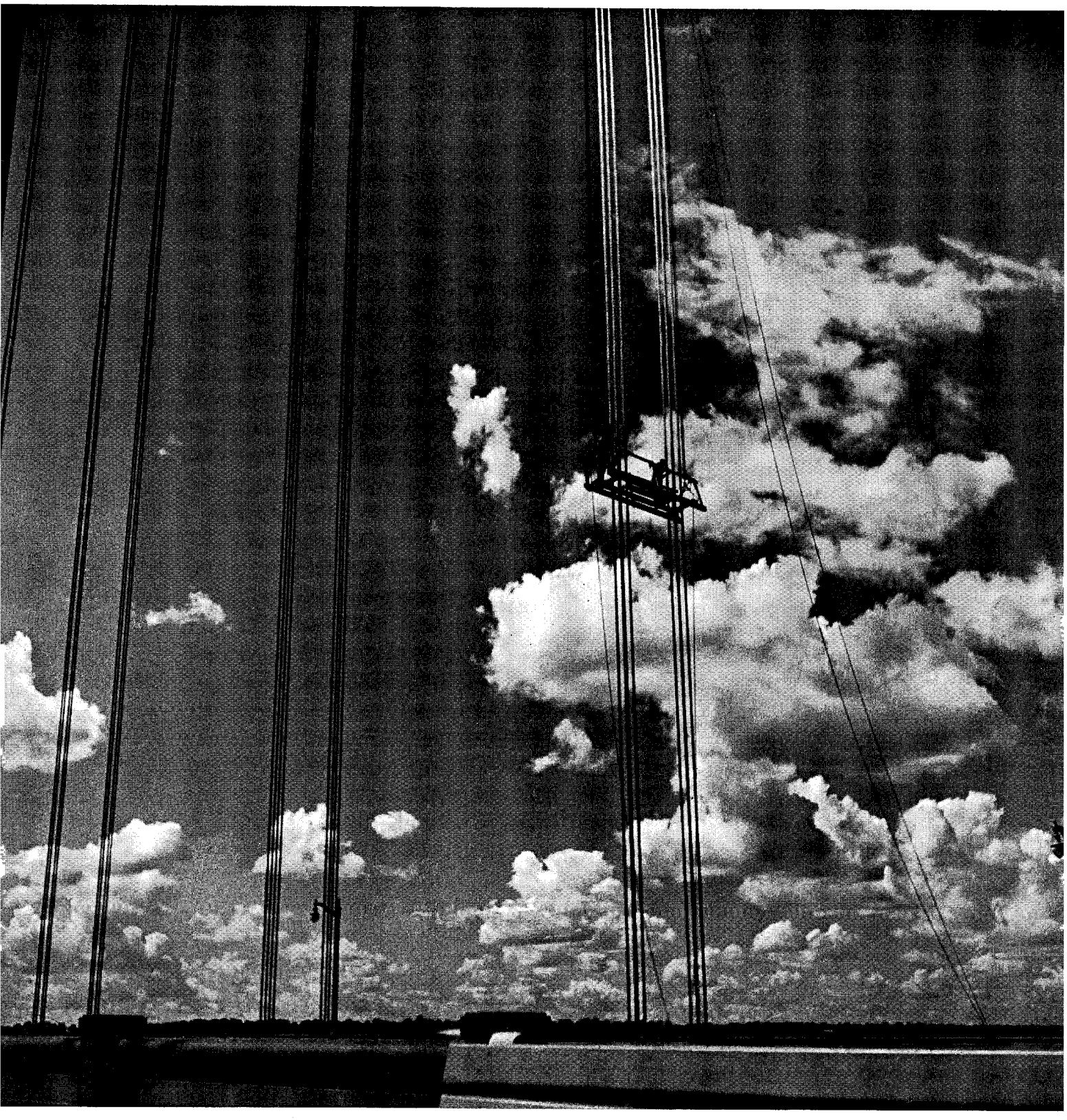

BRIDGE BUILDERS—HOWARD GRUENBERGER

UNDER THE ELEVATED—LEAH BARNETT

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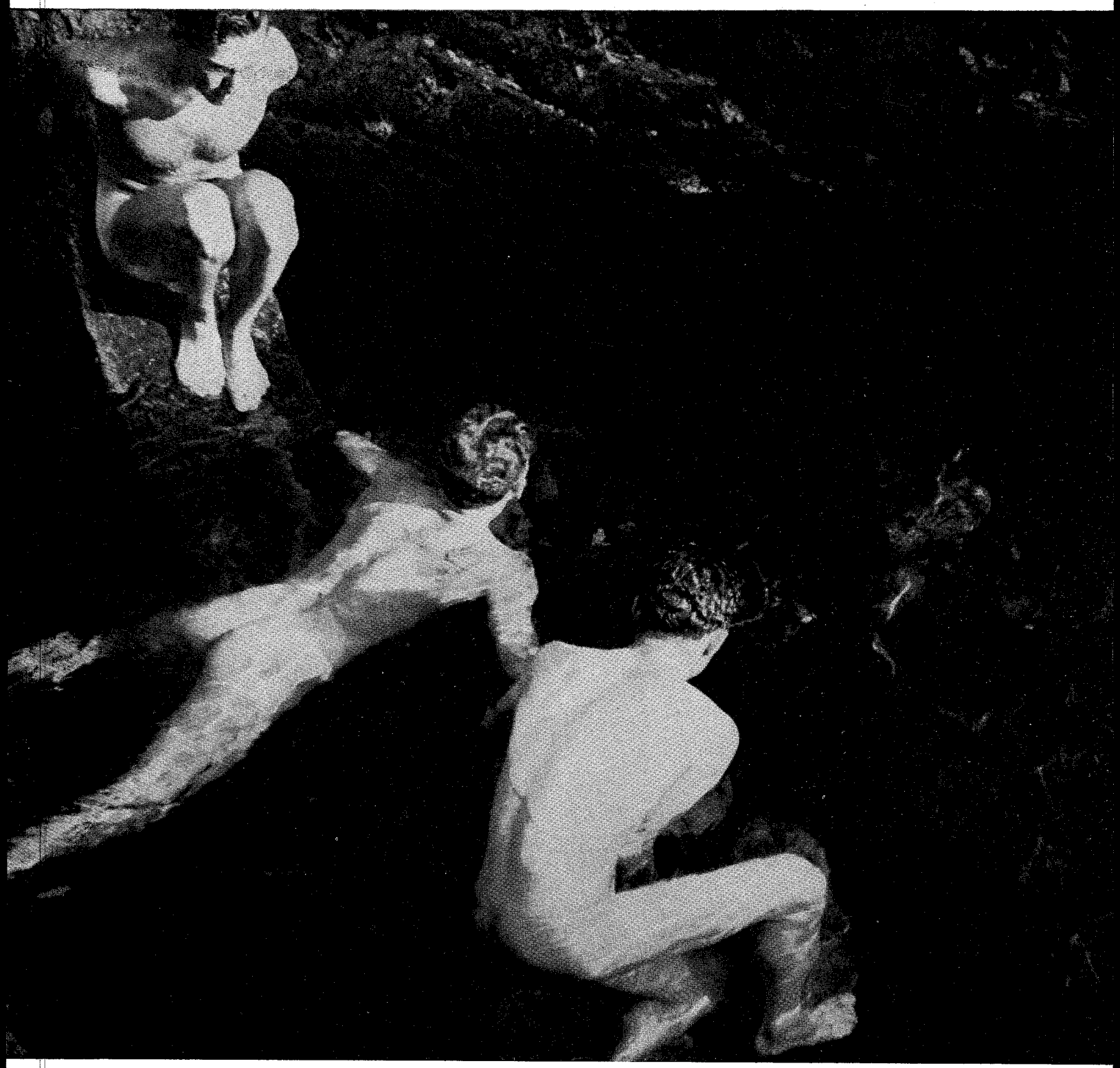

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE—AUGUSTUS WOLFMAN

THE CONSTANT READER—JAMES W. MOORE

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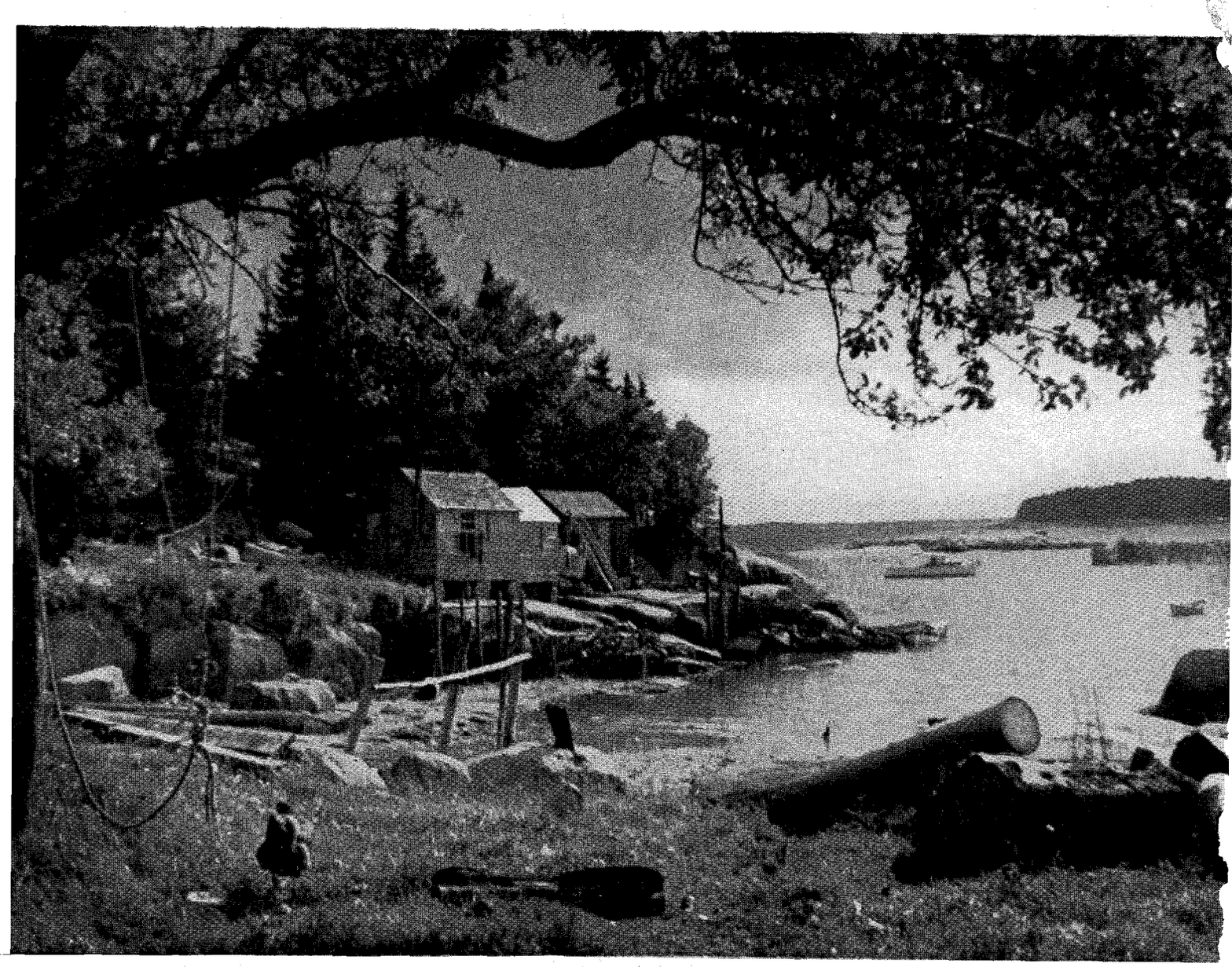

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE—G. S. SIMONSKI

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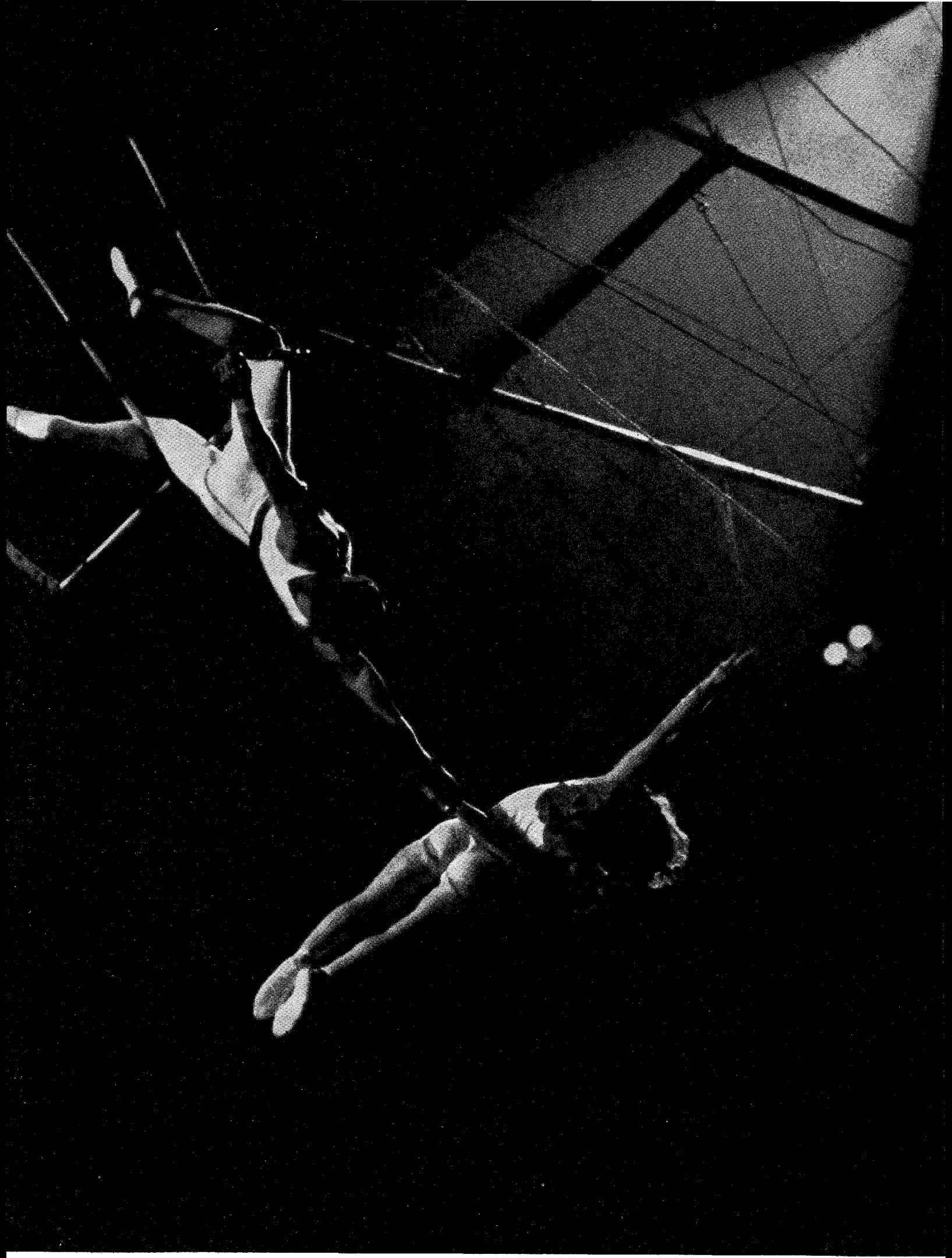

AERIAL ACT—BOB LEAVITT

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LONGSHORE CLUB—DEVER TIMMONS

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FLOOD REFUGEE CHILDREN—WILLARD VAN DYKE

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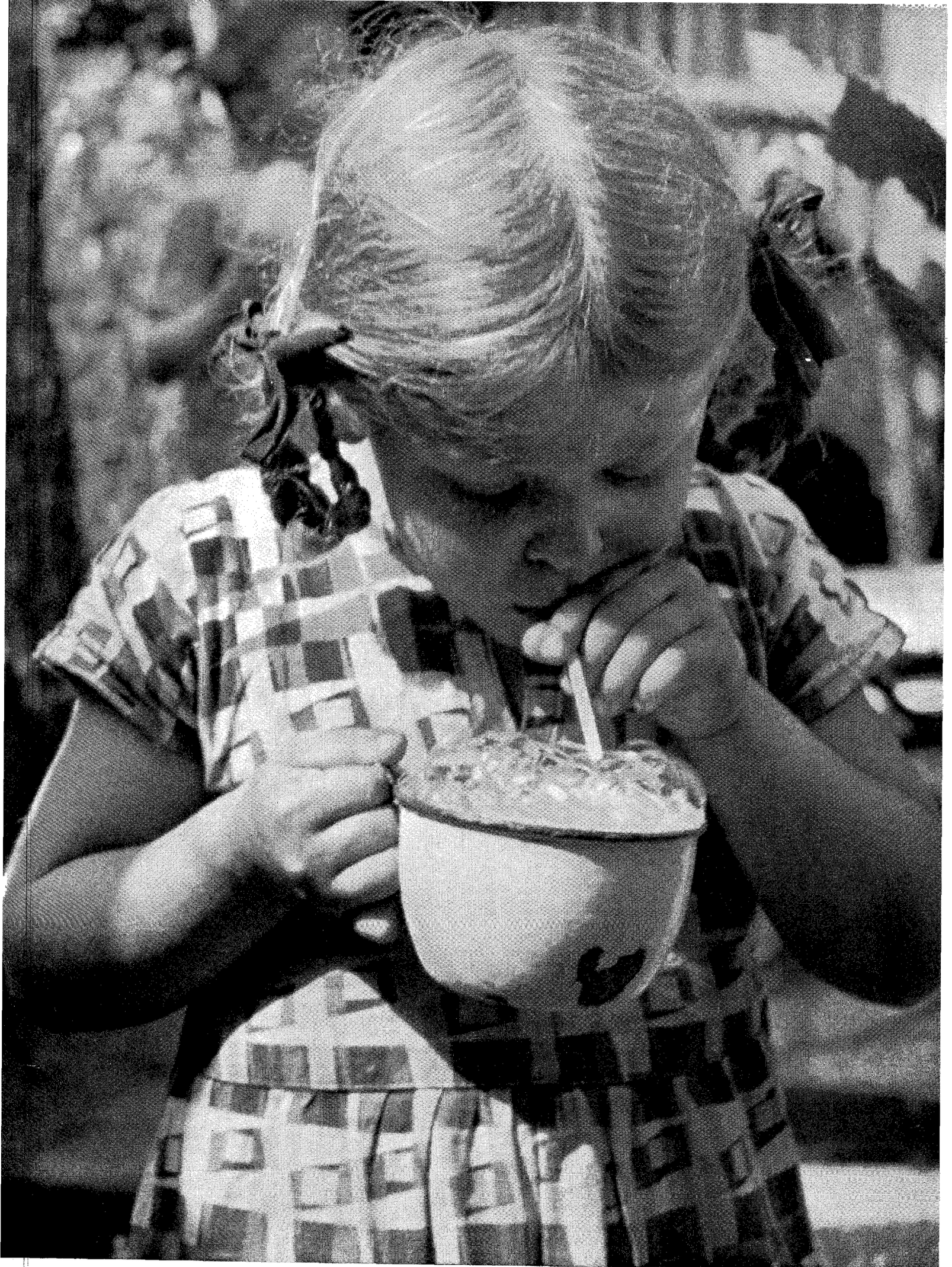

BUBBLES—F. H. FLEISCHMANN

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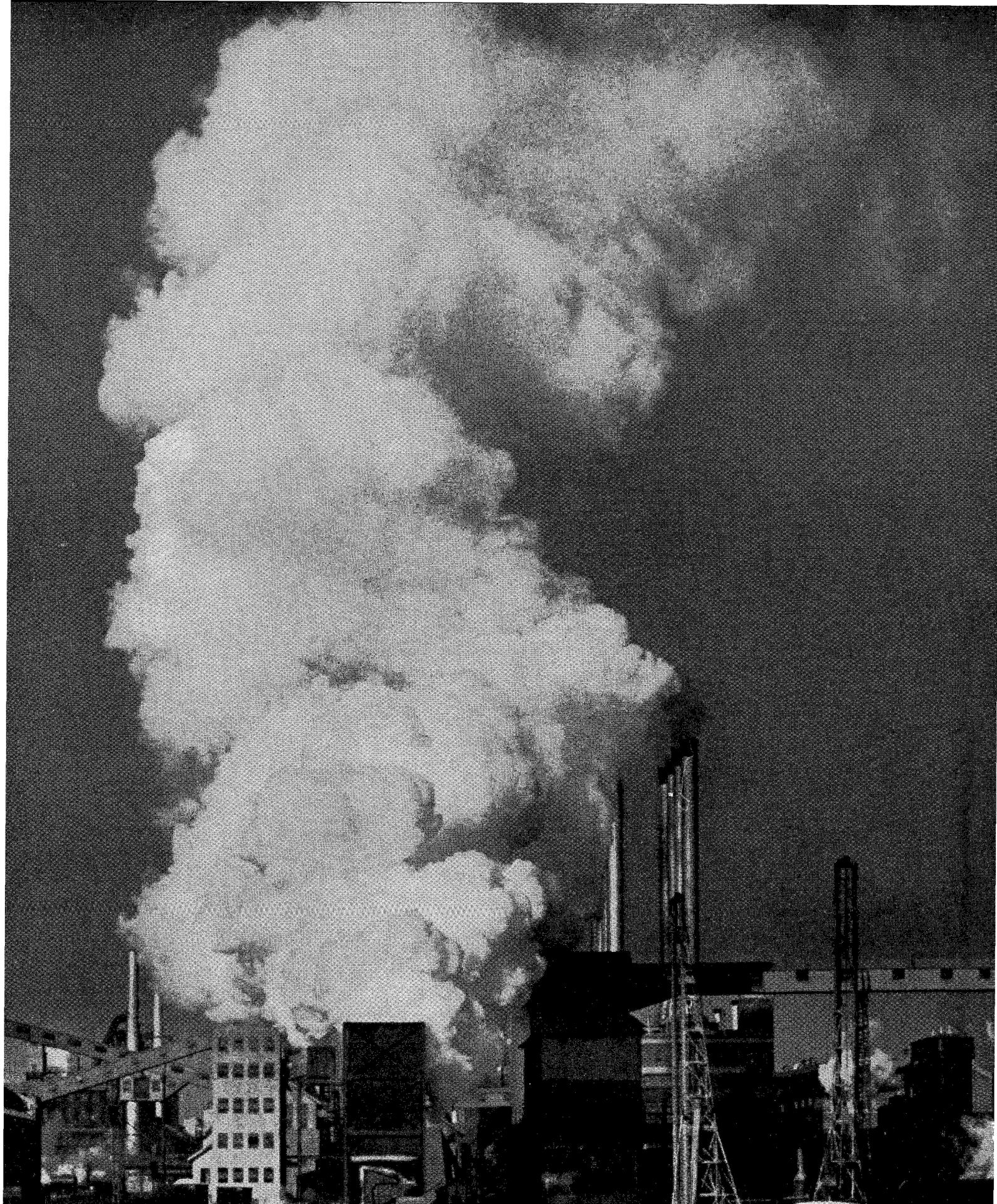

DYNAMIC DETROIT—JACK ROUNDS

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IN THE FIELDS—WALTER HERDEG

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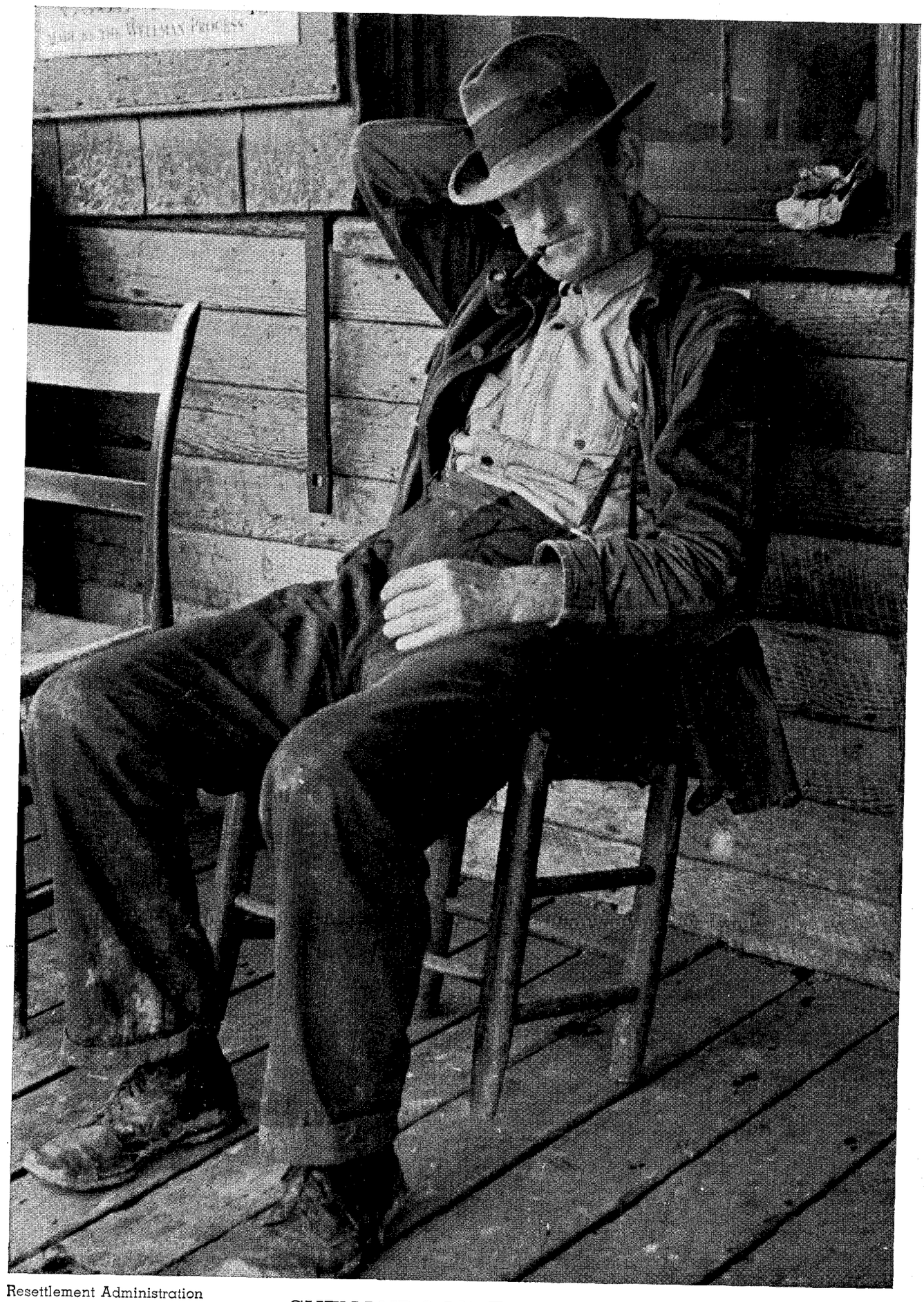

Resettlement Administration

SHENANDOAH FARMER—ARTHUR ROTHSTEIN

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Life in the United States

BRIEF ARTICLES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

The American Student Leaves the Reservation

MAUD PALMER THAYER

In the inner office devoted to visiting foreigners at Police Headquarters in Rome there hangs a most significant calendar. In lithographic grandeur it shows a young brave of the Blackfoot Tribe in all the splendor of white doeskin and feather headdress. Looking back, I begin to suspect that the Italian officials knew from experience and hung the calendar as a reminder that the annual American version of the barbarian invasion of Rome was coming as surely as the calendar showed the passage of the moon.

The poignant memories of last season's trek through five countries as an American leader of a student and graduate group representing a dozen American colleges is so firmly wedded in my mind to that lithograph of the young Blackfoot brave that poetically, yet with tragic realism, I think of it all as my "Indian Summer" overseas.

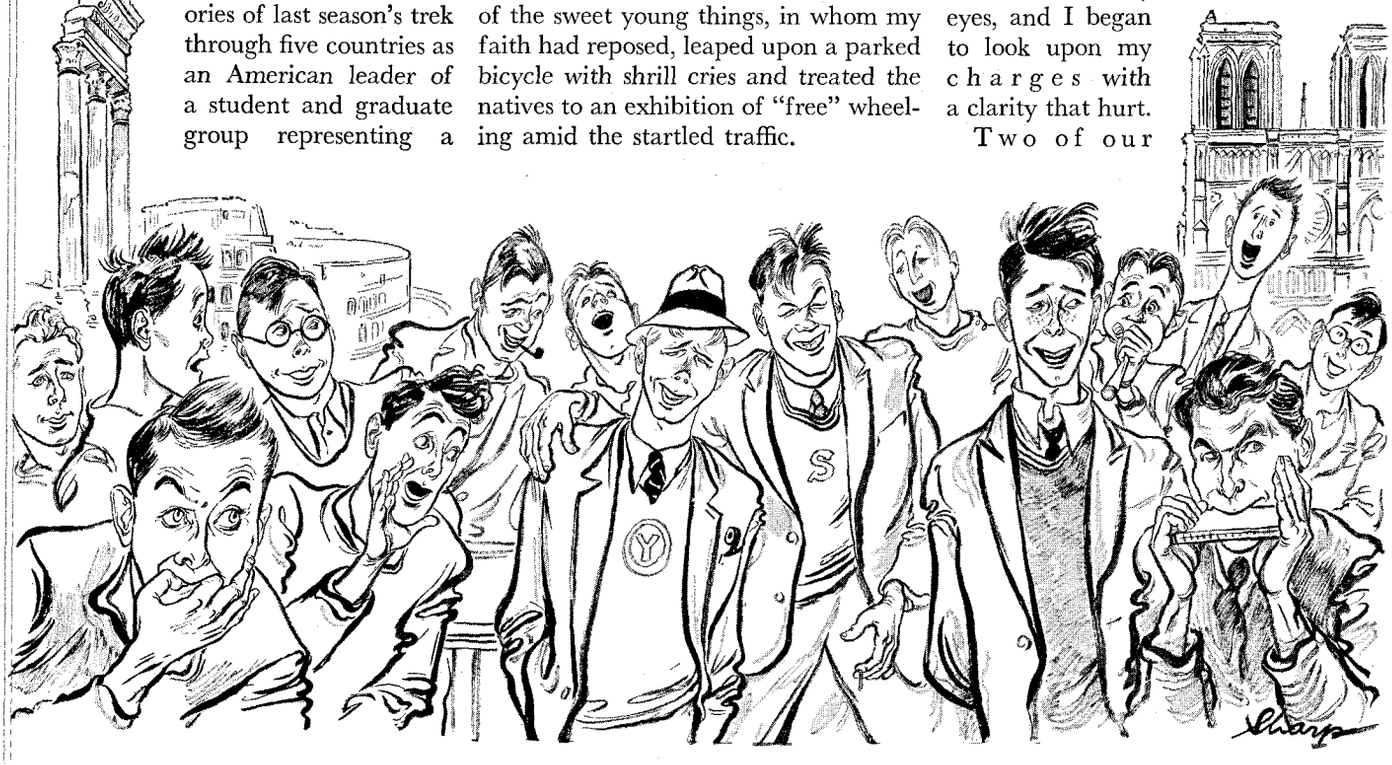
I had hoped, as I set sail from my native shores, that this time my troop of charges were as charming, fair, and intelligent as American college boys and girls are fondly supposed to be.

The final and clear-eyed awakening to the fact that my charges were running true to form came in the courtyard of a hotel in southern France when one of the sweet young things, in whom my faith had reposed, leaped upon a parked bicycle with shrill cries and treated the natives to an exhibition of "free" wheeling amid the startled traffic.

I looked for exasperation; expected anger; perhaps even hoped for startled amazement from the local college man who was our guide. Expectation and even hope ebbed weakly before the air of tolerant placidity. "Don't be disturbed," he told me gently. "People won't mind. They expect American students to act like wild Indians."

In the outer office of the Police Station in Rome, with kindly walls between my charges and the grave impassivity of the pictured Blackfoot brave, the last shreds of my veil of hope were torn from my eyes, and I began to look upon my charges with a clarity that hurt.

Two of our



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ebullient youths played a game of catch with their passports. A few whistled and sang. One tossed his hat, which he had been told to remove, into the air, acrobatically catching it on his head at rakish angles. Finally he left it there until the guard, with a look in his eye that is the same in any language, strode across the room and removed the insolent headgear.

Not all of them acted so barbarously. Ah, no, some were so sunk in ennui that they collapsed physically. A few sagged in the chairs and thrust out feet to the full length of weary limbs to the tripping annoyance of passers-by. One slept, stretched across one chair with his head back on an adjacent one.

An impressive official had waved us away from the door when we first arrived in the square. The students, chafing against the slowness of official Rome, allowed their native superiority to assert itself. Girls do not smoke in public in Rome. But these girls of mine were American. When in Rome they did as the American student does. They sat in a row along the curb and smoked, the mist of their exhalations billowing over their heads like fine banners of independence. I think that I got my final blow from the gravely pacing sentry. I could have stood his scorn. But that laugh of his will echo through my mind for a long time to come.

Like true daughters of independence, they laughed to scorn the worn-out traditions of an effete civilization. The quaint belief that carriage and posture are marks of character was one to be exploded by the unanswerable argument of action. So, wherever I went, I saw them, boys and girls scattered about hotel lounges in muscular negligee. A chair was to be sprawled upon, regardless of tapestry or satin. They leaned against posts, slumped on chairs, not because they were deeply fatigued by sight-seeing, but as a matter of bodily habit. Coming upon them one day, I was reminded of a stretch of beach strewn with dead crabs. At that point I inwardly apologized to the Blackfoot brave for the invidious comparison I had been slowly building in my mind. Indians know too well the subtle eloquence of the body in repose. But then, Indians, even American Indians, have certain codes and reverences.

On our first train ride I was introduced to one of the sports that seem especially dear to the hearts of the traveling collegiates. The rules are simple. Having collected all the empty orangeade bottles, you stand beside the open corridor window and hurl your bottles at the telegraph poles as they flash past the window. It is a sport that calls for alertness and precision. That it has several social drawbacks never occurred to them. They were, I admit, momentarily deterred when one of the party was severely cut by flying glass. But their hesitation was but momentary and passing. To the inhabitants who lived near by they gave no thought.

It must have been that the tedium of travel weighed too heavily upon their eager young minds and bodies. Their embarkation and descent upon the hotel rather confirmed my belief. It was, I must add, the same whether they were leaving tram or bus or train. They had a charming game they called "rushing the entrance." In the street before the hotel the leader would put on a wild burst of speed. Like a startled buffalo herd, the rest followed. Inside, they made for the elevator. A few made it. The rest went up, two steps at a time, pausing at each floor to yell in shrill derision at those who came up slowly in the lift.

In many cases where the elevator was automatic, the first crowd up had a habit of bungling the works in the frail machine so that it failed to descend without expert mechanical treatment. In such cases, leaders and girls were left to climb uncounted flights of stairs as best they could.

In Paris, it seems, they never learn. Our party, some hundred Americans, was received in the gorgeously decorated City Hall by the Head of the Council. One memory connected with that reception will never leave me. It is the picture of a young man, attired in an old camp sweater and the rumpled trousers that most of them affected, shambling lazily down the corridor. On either side of him were the industrial murals that others made long journeys to study. He gave them not a glance. On either side of him was the real object of his interest—a row of buttons that controlled the lights along the corridor. As he ambled, he snapped the lights on one by one. When he had reached the end of the corridor there was behind him a display of electrical illumination that must have thrilled his childish heart. He ambled on out without a backward look, without a thought of returning to snap the lights off again.

It was such fellows who had bills for broken furniture to pay. The breakage caused by the girls was of a more subtle nature. It was not, as so many of them so fondly believed, a breakage of European hearts. They had come over, it soon appeared, with two magnificent opportunities—to shop and flirt.

They began on the boat, cooing into the ears of waiters and casting glances of seductive intimacy with their simple requests for soup or salad. Not that the girls were impressed by the waiters. They used them merely to practice on. From the boat they leaped eagerly forward along the road to romance to a beer-garden pickup in Venice, who was hardly on the social list recommended by the local tour manager.

It was not hearts they broke, but all the canons of taste and refinement that meant so much to their hosts. They were out, not merely to have a good time themselves, but to show Europe the true

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meaning of merriment unconfined. Having spent hours of preparation to dress themselves with that charm that the American woman does know how to command, they proceeded, at the first provocation, to open their mouths and emit shrill gales of mirth, raucous sounds hard to duplicate on the Continent. But for some reason, European swains were not moved by such subtle methods.

Unfortunately, such unleashed joy seemed to be the privilege of the students alone. No American leader was absurd enough to expect deference from a college group. But I do like to think that the common decencies involved in ordinary kindness to others are used and known more freely in America than elsewhere. But these privileged ones whom we escorted seemed to have escaped the contamination of consideration. One young leader, forced to travel at night without a sleeper, gave up her seat to allow one of her charges to lie full length on the compartment bench. She was rewarded for her thoughtfulness by having to stand all night while the youthful charge slept.

When one leads the clan into a private home, the climax in embarrassment is reached. I had the doubtful pleasure of being present in one home where members of the party were received as paying guests. Here the boys of the party went into fits of sulks because they were asked to wear coats at dinner—surely a custom not absolutely unknown at home. We were seated in a formal dining room furnished with gleaming linens and fine glass, at a carved table. The hostess, who spoke beautiful English—and was very much the woman of the world—found herself excluded from the student conversation. They replied to her direct questions, but for the most left her to sit like a sphinx in the great American desert of arid conversation. The main topic of debate, as I remember it, was which of the representative students' colleges was the most civilized.

The white-haired hostess was summoned by one of the youths that he might explain the matter of a broken vase. He neither rose nor covered his nearly naked body with a dressing gown when she entered the room. His patriotism received a deep and mortal hurt when she exclaimed in shocked exasperation, "I can believe that you have mechanical progress in the United States, but how can I believe that you have civilization?"

This must have been the unspoken thought of most of our outraged European hosts. These people were not professional guides, but cultivated people, graduate students, professors, and teachers who enjoyed international contacts and who hoped to confirm their fluent English while they, in turn, disclosed their international treasures to appreciative American eyes, and who found, for the most part, that they had simply laid these treasures out to be trampled under the awkward feet of ill-bred ignorance.

Whatever was not American called forth loud protests of louder scorn. "How well do they live here? I mean, do they have bathrooms and cars like we do?" was the usual question of the tour members at the frontier they faced. "Bedroom slippers in the streets! They'd be arrested in New York!" settled the immemorial peasant footwear.

"They shouldn't allow older men to wear pants like those!" disposed of the costumes of the Austrian Tyrol. A rose-colored sunset behind the domes of Venice called forth, not ecstatic pleasure, but the remark, "Gosh, I expected this would be a dirty old hole, but it isn't!"

It would be a little startling if the American student should learn—as of course he will not, since he rejoices that he has stopped learning, or will in a year or two—that among those peoples whom he has contemptuously labeled "Dagoes" or "Johnny Bulls" or "Frogs" and whose plumbing he scorns, he is in turn labeled as "Savage" or "Wild Indian." The colleges seem to have no known cure for the mentality that invariably reads "inferior" into the "foreign" label.

My "Indian Summer," however, was not a total loss. On a Swiss train I met two charming high-school boys from Cleveland. They were touring on bicycles, staying in youth hostels. They were talking, listening, observing, comparing. They confessed to having spent $32 in Germany. They had gathered more true social education than could be credited to the total of the college students with whom I was connected.

I did have with me now and then a young man or woman I was proud to point out as a fine American type. I know hundreds of them at home here in the States. They will never see Europe until they have earned the money to travel. But, if they could go, they would redeem in a summer or two the reputation we have of being young unteachables and bleating chauvinists without conception of, or feeling for, the finer things of tradition and breeding. I would go so far as to trust them to cure the blighting belief that Americans with money to travel have nothing else to travel with.

If I should be granted the fulfillment of a wish, I would at once express the desire that an embargo be placed upon the otherwise privileged students who wish to visit Europe. I would redirect

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them to Boston, where they could feed pigeons on the Common. They might drive through our own mountain scenery, reading or talking clothes. St. Augustine or the California Missions would serve to be called "musty stone heaps." They could slouch as supinely and ride with their feet cocked up for immensely greater distances with infinitely less expense.

In the meantime, I would ship abroad the platoons of fine American boys and girls who could take their places and cause to be thrown wide once more the hospitable doors of the lovers of youth all over England and the Continent—doors that are perceptibly closing against the whooping collegiate tourist on whom, in European eyes, only the feathered headdress is needed for the completing touch.

A Day in the Cumberlands

MARIAN LACKEY

A NOISE at the door of the community house among the foothills of the Cumberlands roused me, and I opened my eyes, noted that it was five o'clock, and called, "Who is there?"

"Are you goin' to lay in that bed all day?" came the sullen answer. Quickly donning dressing gown and slippers, I opened the door. On the porch stood a weary-looking woman, dressed in a faded calico dress and a thin, ragged sweater. Beside her a towheaded boy of about twelve, his skin showing through ragged overalls, shifted nervously from one bare foot to the other; at the bottom of the steps a tall, gaunt man, unshaven and with long, untrimmed hair, was spitting tobacco juice onto the path.

"Is this where the lady lives what gives clothes to school children?" asked the woman.

"We do when we have them," I answered, shivering in the biting morning air. "Won't you come in—I'll have a fire going in a minute." While I started the fire, they sat grimly silent, then as warmth began to seep into the room the woman handed me a note.

"Teacher sont hit," she explained.

The note indeed was from the teacher of one of the remote mountain schools. It told of the boy's desire to attend school, and his parents' inability to buy clothes for him.

"Jim here hain't scarcely missed a day's school this year," the mother said, "but hit's gittin' plumb cold for him to go barefoot, and my man hain't had no work for four months. We did garden some, but the drought plumb burnt up our garden and 'pears like we can't scarcely git enough to eat, much less buy clothes and sech."

While they sat warming by the fire, the woman went on: "We was sorry to waken you, but we left home way 'fore daylight thinkin' we'd have to walk all of the way. Foot of the mountain we ketched us a ride on a truck and we'd been settin' out there the longest."

I explained my shameful lying in bed until daylight by telling them I had worked until midnight, but still they seemed skeptical. Questions brought out the fact that there were ten children in the family, five of school age, but that none of the other children had been to school because they didn't have clothes that were "fitten." I wondered if they called those things Jim was wearing "clothes," and went into the storeroom to see what I could find. Fortunately, we had received a large box from a church group the day before, and soon we were busy sorting out proper sizes, not only for Jim, but for the other children as well.

"We don't want nothin' give to us," said the mother as we worked. "Teacher said you'd let us do something to earn the things."

"Indeed we will, and when we find what you need, we'll talk about that," I told her.

While I went out to start breakfast, Jim dressed in his new clothing. He grinned sheepishly as he exhibited himself in the good blue suit, clean white shirt and leather jacket, wool socks and stout shoes. The mother was delighted over the warm, pretty coat we had found for her, but the father refused the coat offered him until he could do some work to pay for it. Carefully I listed the clothes, being sure that the price charged was acceptable to them. Then we began to plan ways in which they could earn their clothes.

Knowing the district in which they lived, I was able to make suggestions—Jim could go early to the schoolhouse and have the fire started when the teacher arrived; his little sister could go along to sweep out the schoolroom; the father could build a footbridge over the creek (sometimes when the creek was high, after a storm, the children could not cross without getting wet); and the mother could go to the home of an invalid, whose husband could not give her the care she needed, and see what she could do to make her more comfortable. This satisfied them.

As I went with them to the door, a

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young man got off a sorry-looking mule and entered the gate. He was a round-faced, blue-eyed youth who didn't look over eighteen (I later learned he was twenty). He would not sit down, and remained just inside the door, twisting his cap in his hands as he told me haltingly and with much embarrassment of his wife's illness.

Realizing the mountain man's horror of discussing feminine ailments with a woman, I asked as few questions as possible, but learned that since their baby had been born four months before, his wife had been getting weaker and weaker. "Just wastin' away, she is," he told me tearfully. "A feller told me you helped his wife, and I hoped you'd come to see mine. I can't leave her to go to work 'cause there's three babies to tend, besides lookin' after her, so I hain't got no money and the doctor won't go."

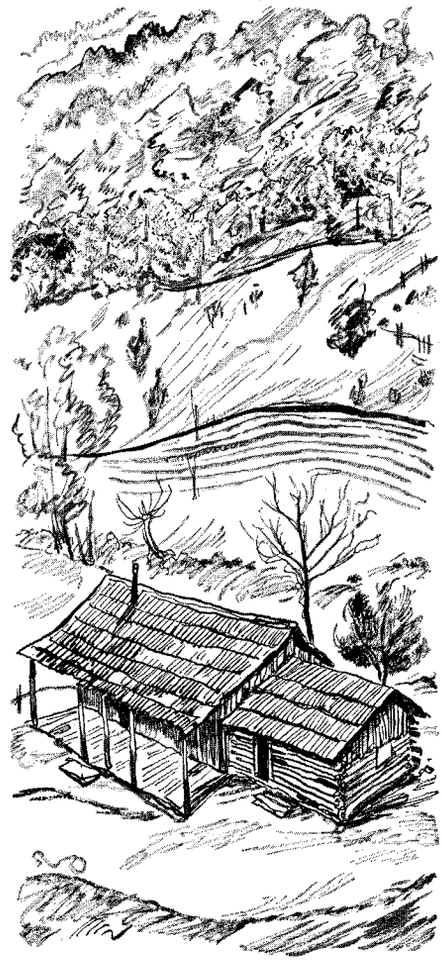
I promised to go as soon as I could dress and eat breakfast, and he finally consented to sit down. But before I had left the room, a woman who lived on the next street rushed up the steps with a baby in her arms calling, "Miz Lackey, quick, my baby's awful bad."

I flung open the door and took the rigid little body from her. One look at the blue face and rolling eyes, and I was on the way to the bathroom, blessing the chance that had made me have a fire in the stove and water hot. Clothes and all, I laid the child into a hot bath, and soon the little body relaxed, the blue eyes opened, and the child (one of my favorites in the baby clinic) smiled at me. Wrapping her in a huge towel, I carried her back to the fire, and the mother followed, weeping.

"What in the world did you give her to eat?" I asked, going to the phone to call the doctor.

"Nothin' much," the mother sniffed. "I didn't have no milk and I couldn't fix what you told me, so I give her just a little hot biscuit and gravy, but she kep' a-whintlin' so I give her a pork rind to suck on."

The doctor arrived in a few minutes, and while he examined the child, I slipped away, dressed, and hastily drank a cup of coffee. By the time he had given the mother directions for the child's care, I was back in the office, telling him about the wife of the man who was waiting. The doctor had other urgent calls which made it impossible for him to go out there, but he said if I found conditions as bad as reported



he would go later. Sending the man out to feed my horse, I found dry clothing for the sick baby. The doctor had agreed to take the mother and baby home as he started on his calls.

When my horse had finished eating, I saddled him, and as we rode, the man told me his story:

Three years before, when he and his wife had been married only a few weeks, they had moved to a distant part of the county, had built a nice, three-room cabin, cleared some land, raised some good crops, and "was beginnin' to git a fine start." With the first year's profits they had bought some cattle and sheep, his father had given them a good horse, his wife had put up great quantities of fruit, their first child had been born and was thriving, the second was on the way when, one morning, he went off to town for flour and coffee. The wife was getting ready to go to the spring to wash and had put on her oldest dress. Barefooted she stepped outside the door with the child in her arms just as two masked men rode up, pointed guns at her, and said, "We'll give you just two minutes to git out of sight—start a-runnin'." Then as she started off terrified, they called after her, "Tell that man o' yourn he ain't the only one in this county wants to git along good."

As she ran into the woods, they fired some shots to frighten her. She ran for some way, then climbed the mountain, hid, and watched them burn her home and shoot the sheep and cattle. They turned their horses into the garden and rode back and forth, trampling the crop into the earth. Then they tore down the cornfield fence so that wandering cattle from near-by farms could complete the destruction. With this, they rode off.

When they had gone, she set off over the mountain trail to meet her husband and turn him back. She feared that if he returned he would be killed. She met him halfway to town, and together they had walked the long weary miles, heartbroken and frightened, to his father's house. They knew well the reason for the attack—a great deal of cattle had been stolen in the county, and one day, walking through the wood, he had come upon two men skinning a newly killed beef; frightened, he had tried to slip away without being seen, but one of the men had recognized him. The next day the men had been arrested and although he swore he knew nothing of it, they blamed him for "turning them up to the law." It had been "way in the night" when he and his wife finally reached his father's house. A few days later they moved into the house they now occupy.

"Hit's purty pore," he said of the house, "but I hain't never got a start no more. Last summer the drought was so bad all our crops burnt up, and this year my wife's been so sick I couldn't leave her to git no work at all."

We had been riding up a steep mountain trail. Now, far below us in the valley, we saw a tiny, tumble-down log cabin, roofed with homemade shingles known hereabouts as "shakes." Single file, we rode down a mountain path so steep and rocky our mounts stumbled and slipped. The country was glorious in its wild beauty, but an air of desolation seemed to hang about the cabin. Two tiny boys ran behind the house as we rode up. "They don't want you should see them 'cause they ain't got no pants," the father explained.

There was only one small window, high up in the cabin wall. At first I scarcely could see the sick woman who lay under a great pile of homemade

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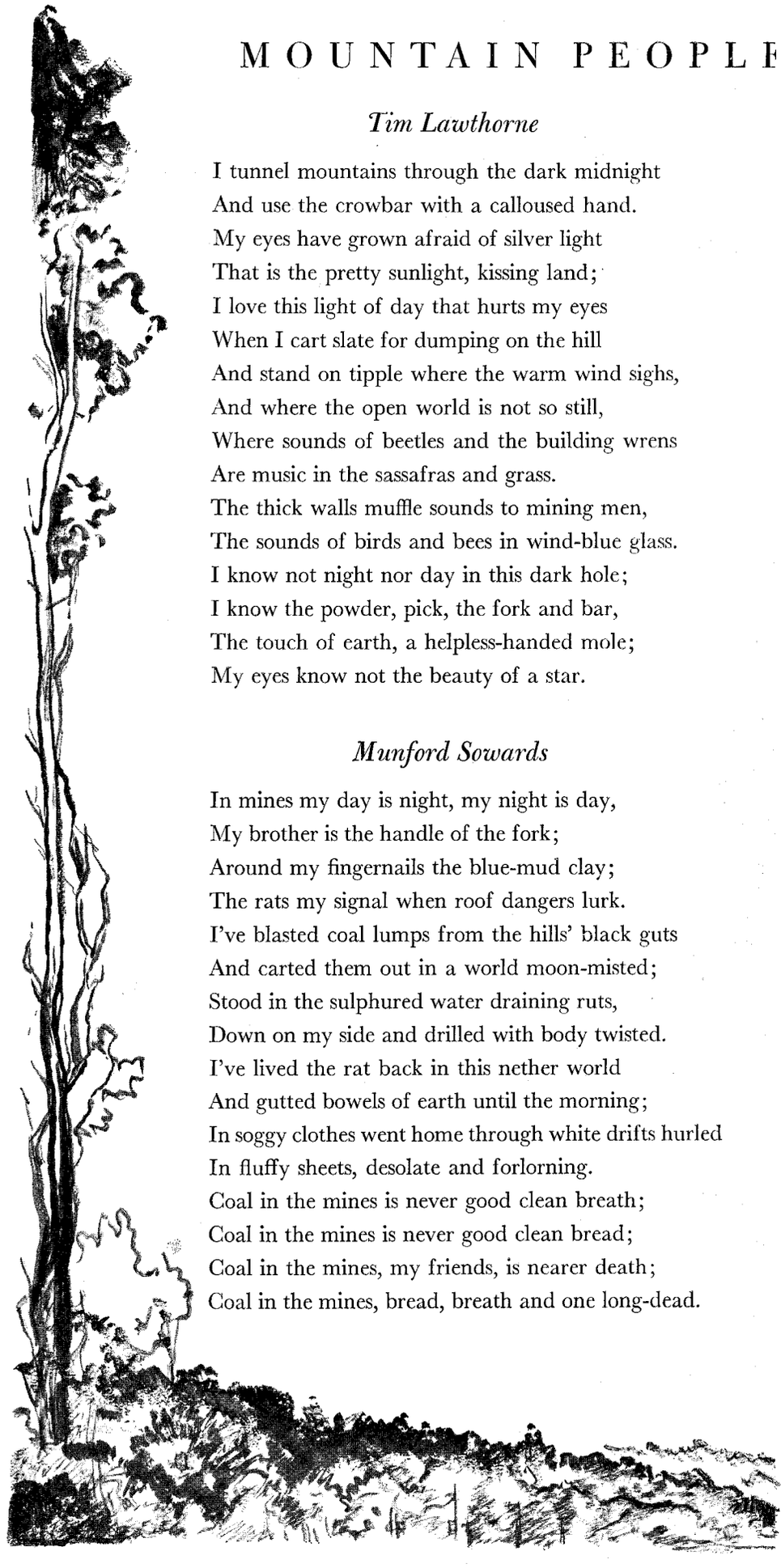
quilts on a rickety bed. The interior of the cabin was like hundreds I had visited through the mountains. Two beds, a couple of split-bottom chairs, and a small iron stove, ashes spilling from a crack in the side, completed the furnishings. The loft was unfloored, the building paper had been nailed to the rafters; when the wind blew, particles of soot came through cracks in the paper and settled on the contents of the room. Through a sagging doorway, I caught a glimpse of the kitchen, a lean-to affair of rough boards. In it were a stove (a block of wood substituting for a missing leg), a rough board table, a few cracked dishes, a frying pan, and a tea kettle. As my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I saw that the woman was gaunt to the point of emaciation; brilliant spots of color, which at first I mistook for rouge, burned high on her cheekbones; her lips were blue. A fat baby wailed lustily in the bed behind her. When I picked him up to change his diaper, I discovered that his buttocks were raw and bleeding.

"'Pears like wherever his passages touch him hit takes the skin off," the mother whispered weakly.

At my request the father brought warm water and soap—I had intended to bathe the baby, but when I saw the soap much was explained—it was home-made laundry soap, so strong that it would take the skin off the hands of a grown person! I temporarily abandoned the bath idea and examined the mother. I am not a nurse, but it would have been evident even to a less trained eye than mine that the woman's condition was grave. After telling the man I'd return as soon as possible and to have water hot, I rode back to town.

We had taken a short cut over the mountains, but there was a fairly passable automobile road which went within a quarter of a mile of the sick woman's home, so after a hasty breakfast-luncheon I phoned the doctor, who promised to come out later, gathered such clothing as was needed for the children and mother, packed a kit of soap, towels, and other toilet articles for the baby, and returned to the place in my car. The next hour or two I spent bathing mother and children, dressing the little boys, at first shy and later delighted, in clean overalls and warm sweaters, cleaning up the cabin, and finally in giving the father some lessons in cooking. The only things he knew



MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

Tim Lawthorne

I tunnel mountains through the dark midnight
And use the crowbar with a calloused hand.
My eyes have grown afraid of silver light
That is the pretty sunlight, kissing land;
I love this light of day that hurts my eyes
When I cart slate for dumping on the hill
And stand on tipple where the warm wind sighs,
And where the open world is not so still,
Where sounds of beetles and the building wrens
Are music in the sassafras and grass.
The thick walls muffle sounds to mining men,
The sounds of birds and bees in wind-blue glass.
I know not night nor day in this dark hole;
I know the powder, pick, the fork and bar,
The touch of earth, a helpless-handed mole;
My eyes know not the beauty of a star.

Munford Sowards

In mines my day is night, my night is day,
My brother is the handle of the fork;
Around my fingernails the blue-mud clay;
The rats my signal when roof dangers lurk.
I've blasted coal lumps from the hills' black guts
And carted them out in a world moon-misted;
Stood in the sulphured water draining ruts,
Down on my side and drilled with body twisted.
I've lived the rat back in this nether world
And gutted bowels of earth until the morning;
In soggy clothes went home through white drifts hurled
In fluffy sheets, desolate and forlorning.
Coal in the mines is never good clean breath;
Coal in the mines is never good clean bread;
Coal in the mines, my friends, is nearer death;
Coal in the mines, bread, breath and one long-dead.

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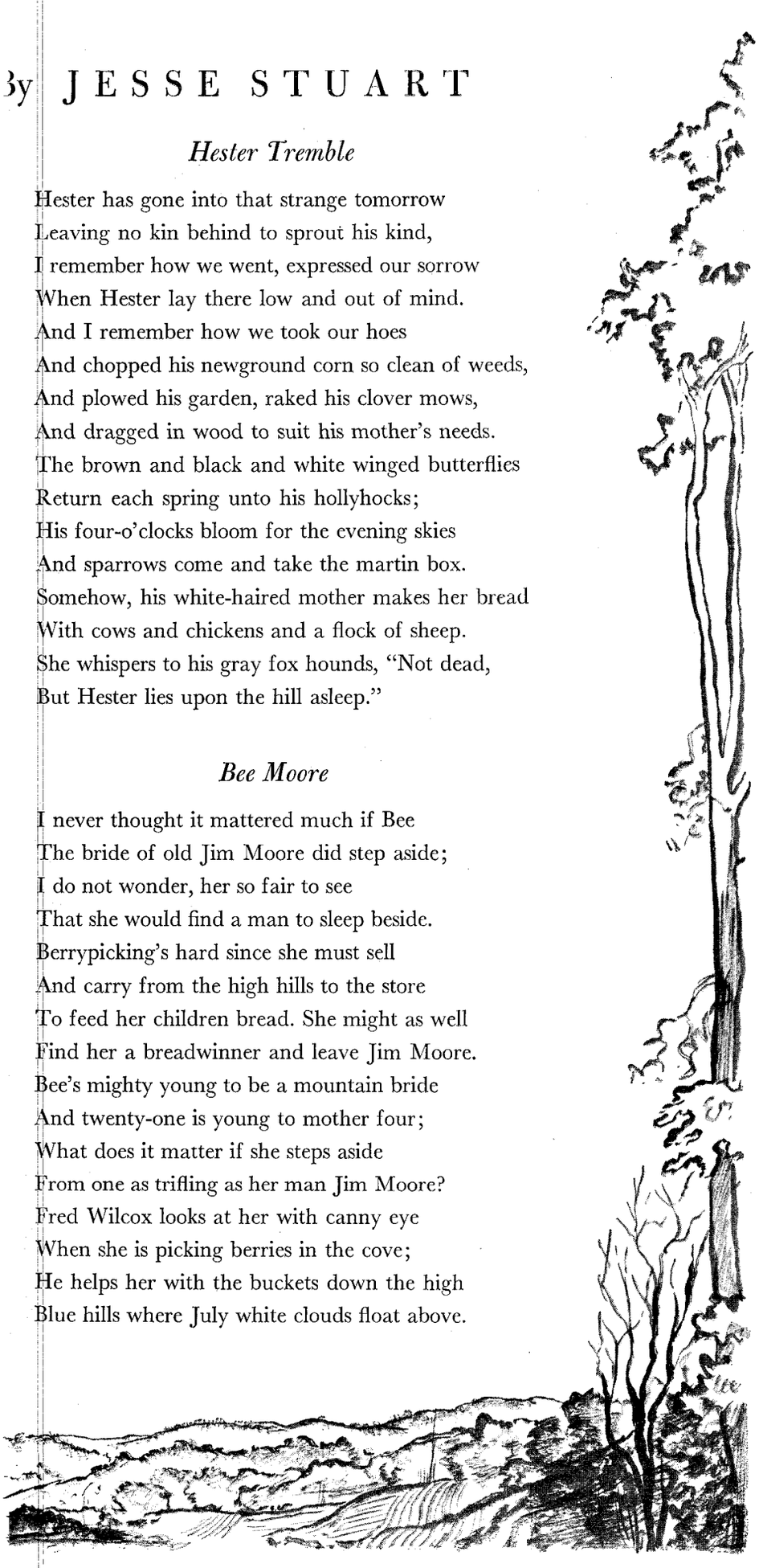
By JESSE STUART

Hester Tremble

Hester has gone into that strange tomorrow
Leaving no kin behind to sprout his kind,
I remember how we went, expressed our sorrow
When Hester lay there low and out of mind.
And I remember how we took our hoes
And chopped his newground corn so clean of weeds,
And plowed his garden, raked his clover mows,
And dragged in wood to suit his mother's needs.
The brown and black and white winged butterflies
Return each spring unto his hollyhocks;
His four-o'clocks bloom for the evening skies
And sparrows come and take the martin box.
Somehow, his white-haired mother makes her bread
With cows and chickens and a flock of sheep.
She whispers to his gray fox hounds, "Not dead,
But Hester lies upon the hill asleep."

Bee Moore

I never thought it mattered much if Bee
The bride of old Jim Moore did step aside;
I do not wonder, her so fair to see
That she would find a man to sleep beside.
Berrypicking's hard since she must sell
And carry from the high hills to the store
To feed her children bread. She might as well
Find her a breadwinner and leave Jim Moore.
Bee's mighty young to be a mountain bride
And twenty-one is young to mother four;
What does it matter if she steps aside
From one as trifling as her man Jim Moore?
Fred Wilcox looks at her with canny eye
When she is picking berries in the cove;
He helps her with the buckets down the high
Blue hills where July white clouds float above.



how to prepare were fried pumpkin and corn bread, on which the children had been living. He said "the relief" had given him some canned meat, but "hit weren't much 'count." I showed him how to use it as a basis of an excellent vegetable soup, using such potatoes, turnips, onions, and other ingredients as there were on the place. By this time the doctor had arrived, left a number of different kinds of medicine, and started away. I followed him outside and said, "Well, doctor?"

"She's going to die. Hasn't a chance," he answered. "She's too weak to be moved to a hospital [the nearest one was 75 miles away] even if they had the money. With the right kind of diet and care she might pull through, but that man can't give her the care she needs, and he has no way to get the right food."

"Let's try anyway," I suggested. "You tell me what she needs, and if you will take the case, I'll see that she gets the diet and care."

I went back into the house, told the husband what to do for his wife in the next two hours, and drove away. I knew of a woman in the far end of the county whose children were old enough so that she could safely leave home for a few days. I knew that her heart was big enough to embrace all the world and that she was a born nurse, and I felt sure that if she realized the necessity she would be glad to go.

When I drove up to her home she was in the yard, washing; the white clothes were boiling in a great iron kettle. She wiped the soap from her hands, called one of the older girls to finish the task, and, leaving many directions for the care of the younger children, soon was ready for her errand of mercy.

We stopped in town and bought the things the sick woman would need, had a talk with the doctor, and were on our way again. Remaining at my destination only long enough to explain the situation to the sick woman's husband, I hurried back to the community house, certain that others were waiting there to see me.

A group of people was coming out of the gate as I drove up, schoolteachers who had come to see if our new supply of Primers and First and Second Readers had arrived. They went back to the house with me and one of them said, "I'm so anxious to get some Primers.

(*continued on page* 57)

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don herold examines:

trek

It takes me about half the summer to get over the start of it. At the close of each school year, our family tears itself up by the roots and takes to some mosquito-infested, poison-ivied dump far enough from the city to make week-end commuting an almost fatal weekly chore for me from June to September.

This going to the country for the summer will add ten years to the lives of each of the children, but it will subtract ten years from the lives of each of the parents, so the net in the long run will be nil.

This year, as we motored out with the first load, I had a cage full of white mice between my feet, a turtle in a tin bucket on the seat at my left, and a begonia in a pot in my lap.

About ninety per cent of our load is Hildegarde's. We haul about a freight carful of stuff to Echo Lake each spring, and I get all my possessions in a little twenty-five-cent suitcase from Woolworth's. I always marvel at the simplicity of male needs on these hegiras, as compared to the requirements of the wimmen of my family. (I've always hated wimmen, so my wife and children *would* all *have to be* females!) But I've long ago learned not to bring up this matter of the comparative simplicity of male needs; I am reminded that twenty-five per cent of the blankets and brooms and other community overhead items are mine. But I don't drag any begonias or white mice around with me, or any trunks full of dimities or percales or voiles. (Those are the three materials that I can name after twenty years of life in a feminine family—or is a dimity a *kind* of dress instead of a material?)

At any rate, I know I get depressed with our accumulation of worldly knick-knacks every time we take this annual trek to the country. I take my downtown struggle for existence as such a struggle, and every summer I see what it's all for. It's for these carloads of junk we lug to Echo Lake and back—these cartons of family trash—including white mice, turtles, and that begonia in my lap. A man is never lower than when he is going somewhere with a begonia in his lap.

don't drop inn

One of the pleasures of going to the country each spring is that of thinking up new names for the cabin. No, we never use any of them, bless our hearts, but we do think them up. This year's candidates are: "Animal Kingdom," "Where-Only-Man-is-Vile-Villa," "Piano Box," and "The Shrine of the Little Flower."

hay fever

We are always more or less irritated with other people's sex life, and at a loss to understand two other people fraught with desire under the elms. Our own necking seems entirely normal, but all other snugglers seem a little out of their heads, if not even slightly disgusting. It is always a little bit nauseating to imagine Jim and Betty in the boudoir together. We should never try.

As I write this, I find myself carrying this loathing-for-the-other-fellow's-sex-life into the very world of plants. There are a lot of locust trees outside my window, lush with the mating instinct. I am actually sickened by their unabashed effort to reproduce—under my very nose. Their rich pollens, perhaps sweetly odoriferous to many people, are repugnant to me. I am torn from stem to stern with violent hay fever as a result of the

floating, flying, ubiquitous love powders of these damned locust trees or something else in the vicinity.

Maybe only God can make a tree, but I wish He could make new little baby trees without tearing the lining out of my nasal tract clear down to my diaphragm. I wish He had put trees on feet or wheels so that they could get about at night and mate like the rest of us instead of broadcasting their amor dust into the air for miles around and into my pathological nostrils.

father's day

Though twice a father, I rabidly resent father's day. I have to keep my mouth shut about mother's day, but I am a father and therefore in a position to speak my mind on father's day. I think it is silly tosh and tommyrot.

I want no haberdashers or greeting-card manufacturers or telegraph companies horning in on the delicious relationship between my daughters and myself. (Disregard knocks in paragraphs above; this is another line of thought. I can't be consistent in my writing; there's no money in that.)

I've had great fun with my two youngsters. They are the real pay for the chafe of living. They can quit me at any time, now, and I will mark the account settled in full. I can take death and years of pain preceding it, and these kids will have made it all a good buy.

They owe me nothing on thirty father's days to come.

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This business between my gals and me is a little too much our own affair, for any necktie association to butt in on.

And the thing I most resent about father's day is that in case Doris or Hildegarde ever forget me on father's day (as I hope they always will), I know I am going to be baby enough to be just a wee bit hurt about it. In spite of my professed magnanimity, I am going to have just a slight undertone of pout if they happen to forget to wire me or scarf me. *That* is the shame of these commercialized days. They inject embarrassments and phony emotional intimidations into relationships which are too fine for such things.

I resent father's day. I don't want outside stimulants in this picture. I don't ever want anything more from Doris and Hildegarde. I have had my glorious, resplendent fill and pay and fun out of them as of this date today. No gestures, please, girls, especially with a merchant at your elbow hinting leeringly, "Give Dad a so and so."

indians

Hildegarde recently said she wished there were still Indians in America. I do, too. I am a little tired of nice people in pants and petticoats, who do what they're told to do, go where they're told to go, and wear what they're told to wear. I'd like to hear some war whoops and see some color and have some excitement. Just think what a dull, submissive lot of things a streetcar full of ordinary people is, and then think what a lively, lurid thing a streetcar full of Indians would be.

We white human beings are entirely too licked and regimented and gray and uninteresting. We are worse than a pack of trained dogs. Even trained dogs have some wag and bark left in them. We just read the *New York Herald-Times* and the *Ladies' Home Companion* and proceed to do what we're told.

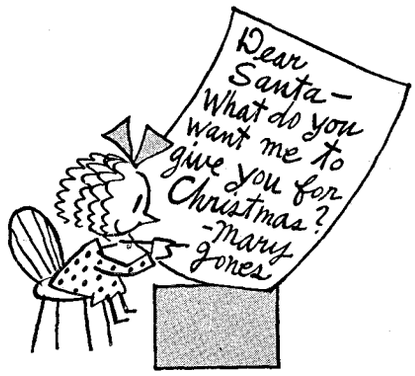
When we whipped the Indians, we whipped our betters and drove from America the best thing America had. We made a great mistake when we abolished Indian trails and put down paved streets (loud squawks to the Editor from the Portland Cement Association) and when we supplanted Indian tribes with Chambers of Commerce.

Of course, I'm aware that the Indians, too, had their old Sit-in-the-Muds, and sourpuss tribal fathers, and phony medicine men, but, on the whole, they were our superiors.

"Of course, you mean nice Indians," I said to Hildegarde.

"No, bad ones. I'd like a little drama."

Then she paused, and started to hedge. "But they might not always come out like radio programs."



get-mas

Since it is midsummer and since people are not violently Christmas-minded, maybe I can get away now with a coupla nasty cracks at Christmas.

Christmas is all very well and good and a great boon to merchants, both Gentile and Semitic, but I wonder if it hasn't become a little too much of a lesson in *get* for the rising generation. In fact, I wonder if, in its present form, Christmas isn't possibly one of the things that is fundamentally wrong with this world. Undoubtedly it inculcates a love of merchandise in young minds; the little child trembling in acquisitiveness on Christmas morning this year is the installment buyer of years to come. And installment buyers have been said to be one of the causes of our modern ails. Certainly, our recent depression was at least partly caused by people who believed too thoroughly in Santa Claus and who bought stocks too inordinately on a marginal, or installment, basis.

I should like to suggest an annual Give-mas, on which little children and adults would really *give* instead of *get*. Nothing new would be bought; the big idea would be to part with things already owned. Children would learn to part with prized possessions, and I believe this would be nearer to the spirit of Christ than the present orgy of grab.

My only question is, who would be the recipients of the gifts on Give-mas? It seems to be necessary to demoralize at least half the population on these big holidays. We might get around this by having two Give-mases per year, thus demoralizing a different half of our people each time, instead of all the people once a year, as with our present type of Christmas.

vs. finality

If I could just get the whole world to be timorous! I'm positive that finality is the cause of most of our troubles. You see, I'm final even about this.

But we kill millions of each other . . . always have . . . every few years . . . because we are so cocksure that our country, our form of government, or our religion is final perfection itself.

If we could all admit that we are mere blunderers and stumblers on the road to perfection, and have progressed only two inches on, say, a possible hundred-mile journey! But we have acquired false notions of finality somewhere. Maybe in Sunday school. God created the world in six days and was pleased and finished and through. Shucks! If we could all only get the idea that we are evoluting, and then try our best to find the best ways to evolute. But we think that our particular gang has arrived, and we start shooting bullets. I believe I'll kill everybody who doesn't agree with my Theory of Incipient Revolution. I have the final answer. I believe in Anti-Finality. I'm so positive about it, that I'll kill you unless you agree with me.

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"Photoplay says that from here on Blondell uses a double"

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Jim Tully

A Left-handed Compliment to Hollywood's Classic Hobo, America's Mighty Oak of Profane Letters

BY FRANK SCULLY

If you took the physical Danton on which Belloc and Robinet, his biographers, agree (if they agree on nothing else), and cut him down a foot, and then gave him something of Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, and used Bunyan's Great Heart to set this massive and mighty machinery in motion, you'd get a good working blueprint of Jim Tully. But you'd still be miles from the secret of what makes this *enfant terrible* of Hollywood a mighty oak of American letters.

What would still confuse you is how a man who made a fortune out of writing for motion-picture-fan magazines over a span of eighteen years could gain a world-wide reputation at the same time as the leader (and the founder) of the hard-boiled school of writing. How could one lobe of his brain turn out stuff that made him the highest-priced peddler of a picture star's passions and kitchen recipes, and the other lobe of his brain make him, as he is currently, the best-seller among foreign authors, pilfered by the U. S. S. R. for such non-political portraits of Americana as *Jarnegan, Circus Parade, Beggars of Life, Ladies in the Parlor, Shanty Irish, Emmett Lawler, Laughter in Hell,* and *The Bruiser?*

He hasn't been in a boxcar in fifteen years, but he's still catalogued in the newspaper morgues of the country as "the hobo author." He has a three-acre, $100,000 estate on Toluca Lake over the hill from Hollywood. A brick mansion, modeled on the lines of George Borrow's, and hidden among dozens of giant eucalyptus trees, it houses Hollywood's best library. There aren't more than three civilized homes in that land of magnificent mansions, and Tully's is one of the three.

Fifteen miles beyond this retreat, now too hemmed in for him, what with the Crosbys, Powells, Astors, Twelvetrees, Brians, Bruces, Brents, Disneys, and other picture personalities building on all sides of him, Tully has bought an eighty-nine-acre ranch so that he may retreat farther from the civilization that attacks him from the West, where he found his fame, and the East, where he had none to lose.

He grows alfalfa on his acres and thinks that when the revolution comes he can live off his land because land, in his curiously innocent opinion, is the last thing the revolutionists, whether from the left or right, will take. The revolution, to hear him tell it, is just beyond the tenth hill and several leagues this side of the horizon already.

*

"Let's have another drink."

If you don't let him have another drink, you'll find his wrath swerving from the generality to the particular, and you'll soon be writhing under the lash of his incredible candor. It is a curious mixture of Billingsgate and Shakespeare, a poet pelting you with manure. If you do let him have another drink, his voice goes more basso profundo, and deeper truths come out, all of them about you and all of them destined to make others grin and you squirm.

His huge head with its mass of curly red hair, now streaked here and there with gray, leans toward you. His eyes, particularly the right, which is chronically bloodshot, a hang-over from his boxing days, bore into your soul and damn you with far from faint rays.

His right arm weaves across your vision, feinting like a fighter leading you into the final blow which will leave you slug-nutty for life, and you either take it and stagger from the salon a stumblebum, or you scram for your car and scream all the way home that the guy's impossible, an army tank let loose among civilized people in a drawing room.

The bigger you are the harder you fall. There isn't a mind in all Hollywood that can stand up to him in a finish fight. From picture producers down to stars, from script writers up to traffic cops, all of them have tried to kill him with logic, and the more foolhardy ones with their fists, and all of them have been dragged home, beaten men and women.

The next morning, still groaning under the weight of their wounds, as likely as not they'll get a telephone call from a terse and alert Tully. That basso profundo voice will have been sunk without a trace. A voice with a smile is doing the calling. But their egos are not even consoled with the knowledge that as badly as they feel this morning, Tully at least is in the agonies of a hang-over. If he is, he conceals it so well that it's silly not to concede him the honors of being the best actor in Hollywood.

Langston Hughes, Henry Armstrong, and another Negro were at Tully's one night for dinner. Tully filled the featherweight with ring instructions for a coming bout, but fighter Armstrong only stared at the carpet. While the world was being dissected and generally condemned by the writers, the black bruiser

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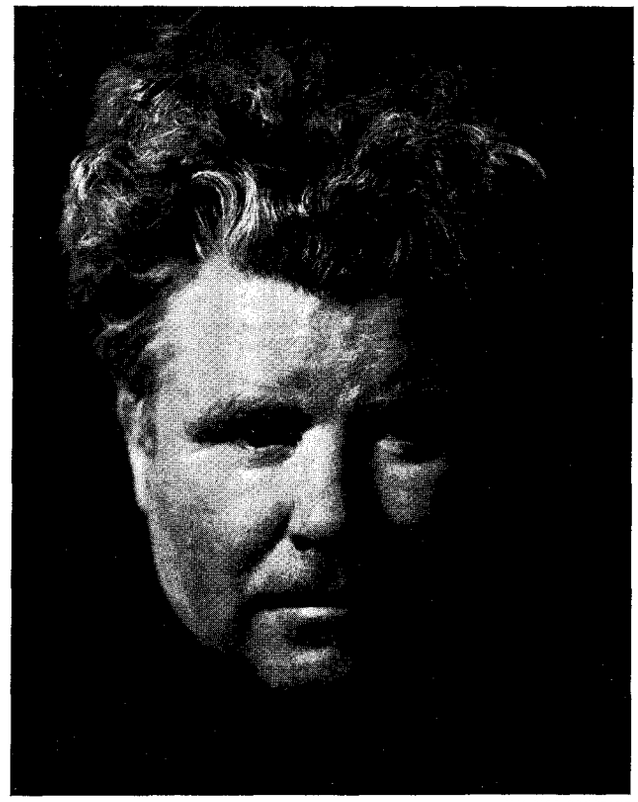
made no comment. He sat through the meal as silent as night.

After they had gone, Tully decided he had talked not too wisely nor too well.

"My God," he commented, lost in brooding study as he watched his three dark guests disappear through the tall eucalyptus grove, "a great man has been here. Armstrong was the wisest of us all. He saved his breath for the pork chops."

Naturally, such a talker breaks up friendships at a terrific rate of speed. People are enamored by his speech or his reputation and almost break their necks in their efforts to meet him. In all too short a time he has broken the rest of what's left of them and tossed it back to their humbler relations for a decent burial.



MAURICE CONSTANT

His eyes bore into your soul

The nearest thing we have had to him in our time is Frank Harris. Both could talk brilliantly. Both were short, stocky men. Both were Irish. Both got at least one book suppressed by Sumner. Both had come to their art after difficult labor in the lower orders—Harris as a cowboy, Tully as a chainmaker. But whereas Harris was a man-of-war of modern letters who, in Shaw's immortal phrase, sailed the Spanish Main with the blackest of flags, the reddest of sashes, the hugest of cutlasses, and the thinnest of skins, Tully never carried anything more threatening than a walking stick, never battled in print with anybody, and never (at least that's his belief) believed in anything or anybody, and contradicted this on every turn by befriending everybody and everything.

At fourteen he took Billy Ross, a fellow orphan, on the road. Jim bummed a dime at Sixty-third Street in Chicago and went to the Loop. Billy was late bumming his and got picked up and sentenced to sixty days. Jim still broods about the incident.

Twenty years later, after Billy no longer had any value to the state as a prisoner, Tully subsidized him at five dollars a week for a whole winter in a California jungle. When spring came and Ross took to the road again, only to die in Arizona, the state, hoping to get Tully to take up where its benefactions left off, was answered with:

"Bury him in potter's field. He's known harder beds in your prisons."

Oscar Wilde said Frank Harris was received in all the great houses *once*. Tully couldn't be dragged to them. I once drove with him from the San Fernando Valley to Bel-Air, where Peter Freuchen was staying. We had to pass through Beverly Hills. He was depressed every foot of the glamorous way.

"My God," he groaned, "you could feed five poets on what it costs to keep up one of these lawns."

Obviously such a hammered-down Titan needs a Boswell as good as himself, and the pity of that is there is none. I have met many of the great men of our time, both in Europe and America, but none has fetched me with the force of his personality as Tully has. And none has pulverized my confidence to portray them as Tully has. You could burn Hollywood down as a horrible nightmare and I wouldn't mind as long as you spared Tully. Tully wouldn't mind, either, as long as you spared Tully.

That last crack would get a laugh out of him. And his laugh is good to hear and see, for he has fine big teeth, dimples in his cheeks, and those nursery touches in a man that are lovely things.

They are in my five-year-old son, Skippy. He, at five, and Tully, at forty-five, are brothers under the skin.

"Skippy says it in a sentence," says Jim. "Skippy says, 'I want bread!'"

He wants it so badly he'd loot hell to get it. So would Tully. The economics and social strata of this world are not for them. To them, crawling is a mug's game. If they're going to be anywhere in the setup, they're going to be where they can rook peasant and plutocrat alike.

In Tully's case, at any rate, the world has recognized his circus psychology and has paid him off in handsome royalties rather than be subjected to the raids of a redheaded Pancho Villa from St. Mary's, Ohio. But paying him off has brought the world no peace.

Robbed, starved, mauled, jailed, slandered, praised, exalted, and educated by the mob in its cumbersome whims, Tully learned its psychology so well that he's landed copy for it to read in over fifty different magazines.

In one and the same month he appeared in *Vanity Fair, Scribner's, True Confessions,* the *American Mercury,* and *Photoplay.* And if that isn't getting a feel of the public pulse, Lydia Pinkham never had it either. Swamped with the memory of this mass of bilge and enduring literature that his pen has turned out impartially and the public has paid for generously, he grins like a weary schoolboy. Tully has certainly got as much out of Hollywood as Wodehouse did, though it took him a much longer time. But the tribute has brought Hollywood no peace.

Producers rarely hire him. They'd pay a palooka as illiterate as a cow $2500 a week to do a circus picture before they'd pay Tully $600 to do a job ten times as well. The reason for this is they can impose their will only on inferior men. Putting themselves in the same room with Tully is like putting Jim Jeffries today in the same ring with Joe Louis.

"When I was a road kid I went out with a Jew boy," he once told us. "We'd make the rounds of the back doors. He'd always come back to the jungle from Jewish houses loaded with food. All I'd bring back from the Irish was good advice—diet for a doghouse."

Nobody has ever been quite so willing to go in doghouses as Tully, feeling certain he'd bark his way out before dawn. And his bark, more's the pity, is far worse than his bite. He has a compassion for men which hobbles him at every turn, and that compassion, of course, takes him out of the running in the Superman Sweepstakes, the Nietzschean dope sheet which drove its author crazy, Mencken to beer, and Shaw to clowning.

When Mencken sent Tully to San

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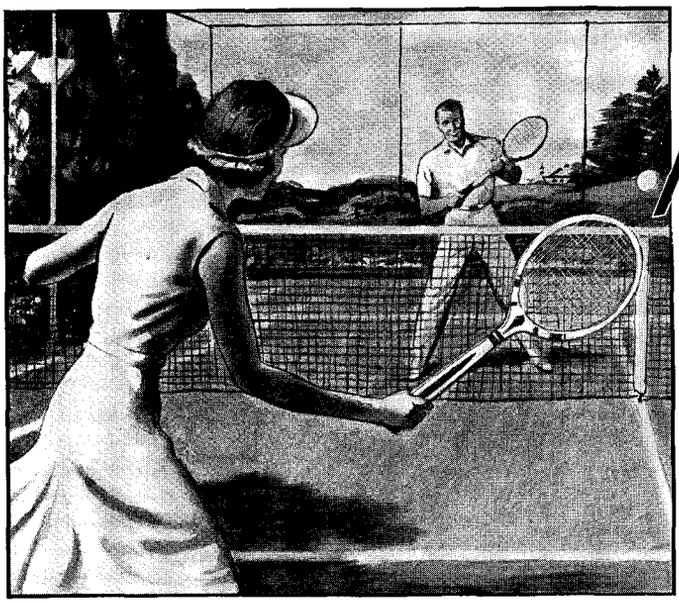
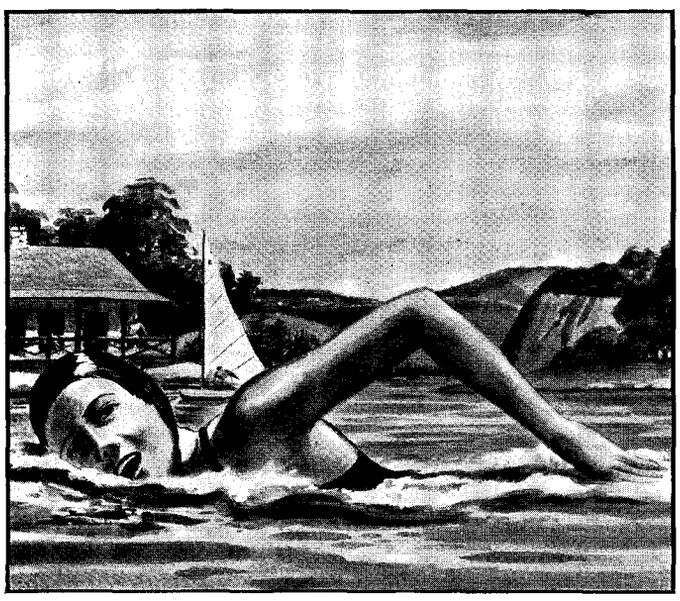
Planning your vacation?

Know your Heart





DON'T be reckless on your first day of vacation. You don't have to play six sets of tennis, thirty-six holes of golf, or swim a mile. The trained athlete doesn't. He knows better. He breaks in gradually.

Exercise which is taken too strenuously at the beginning may strain the heart. The chances are that your heart is good for all the reasonable exercise you will want on vacation. But why guess about it? Let your doctor examine you before you go away on your summer holiday.

Some hearts, even in younger people, are dependable for the usual routine of life but do not stand up under unusual or prolonged effort. The cause may be a previous infection which has been entirely forgotten. Rheumatic fever —"growing pains" in childhood—may have left the heart permanently impaired. In middle-aged persons, particularly those who are overweight or who have a tendency to high blood pressure, important changes often occur in the arteries of the heart which definitely limit its endurance.

A heart that is somewhat below par, if used with care and discretion, may outlast a much stauncher one that is abused. Each year many people die of heart disease which might have remained just a heart "condition" if they had realized the need for caution. Sometimes indigestion, nervousness or lung ailments are mistaken for heart trouble, causing needless alarm and anxiety.

Drop in to see your doctor before you go away. Be prepared to get all the enjoyment and health you should out of your vacation. *Know your own heart.* The Metropolitan booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance" contains much valuable information that you should have. A post card will bring you a copy. Address Booklet Department 837-S.

Keep Healthy-Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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MAURICE CONSTANT

Jim Tully's mansion houses Hollywood's best library

Quentin to report the hanging of a youth, Tully stood by the scaffold and watched the lad's neck pop, then sat down without a quaver of emotion or a break in a line and wrote his most hard-boiled report. Without even one aside, *A California Holiday* remains the most terrible indictment against capital punishment as yet written in America.

A wandering spider sometimes finds itself face to face with the red-haired gnome in his study. Jim grabs a stick and fiddles around with the spider until it catches on to it. Then with an immense oath, he hurls it out the window into freedom. He once said, reflecting on such an incident:

"We must have compassion. I pity everything that lives, because it has to die."

His loneliness is a burden he can't shake off. With a fire roaring through a brain mixed up with the futility of all things human and divine, he is at heart an artist frustrated and contemptuous.

"I'm not exactly interested in writing —except there's little else to be interested in. Dying as I expect to die, out of the church, I can't go to heaven, and I'm too indiscreet to make limbo. My only remaining ambition is to invent something that will prevent hang-overs."

He has few dead heroes, and the living ones by no means crowd the headlines daily. Of those who do manage to get their quota of the notoriety which passes for fame, he is proudest of Jack Dempsey. Both were road kids; both made the grade. Dempsey made more money, but Dempsey senses that Tully did more with what talent he brought out of the ring.

A casual conversation with Dempsey makes Tully swell with pride. Again he had this trait in common with Frank Harris, who felt the same way about Wild Bill Hickok that Tully does about Dempsey. While Harris never quite caught his hero in words, Tully did an immortal portrait of Dempsey. One explanation of this might be that Harris never even *met* Bill Hickok, whereas Tully and Dempsey were close friends.

Unbelievable tragedies have come into his own life, and to hear him retail them later, you'd think they were custard-pie comedies. I wish I were tough enough to tell his story of getting a lad out of jail on the promise that he'd be shipped to China and Tully's racing from Los Angeles to San Francisco to make the boat, only to be stopped three times en route and fined each time for speeding. I wish I could tell in detail the youth's part—in a worse crime and a longer jail sentence, one to fifty years—with Jim's sending the youth a watch to help him tick off the hours in San Quentin, and the youth writing: "Some guy stole the watch. So I've learned that there are thieves even here."

His tales of Hollywood are Olympian. You can start him anywhere and come out with a classic. His chief regret is that nobody has written the authoritative book on Hollywood.

Curiously, while Hollywood has shown a willingness to make money by wiring lighter novels or plays for sound, it has fought shy of any deeper dramas. *Merton of the Movies* was all right, so were *Once in a Lifetime, Boy Meets Girl,* and *Personal Appearance;* but *Jarnegan,* even after it was dramatized and toured the country as Richard Bennett's best vehicle, couldn't get to first base in pictures.

Other properties of Tully's have sold to producers and brought their author as high as twenty thousand dollars for the picture rights, but *Jarnegan,* the truest picture of what makes great directors, couldn't get a dime of any producer's money.

The people he writes about—hobos, prize fighters, circus troupers, prostitutes, fugitives from chain gangs, and beggars of life generally—are what the trade knows as money pictures, but Tully's treatment of them is too tough in the main for the Hays office censors. Producers find it easier to steal his raw material and dress it up as society drama, a seduction on a drawing-room couch being easier to condone, presumably, than one in a box-car or a haymow.

So Tully goes his way as he has from *Emmett Lawler*—the novel he wrote in one paragraph of 100,000 words. Every time he hit a town in his old hobo days he headed for a library. His huge head became crammed with the literary labors of others, as his belly became crammed with the food of others.

That he can write at all he lays to the nuns in the orphanage where his father led him with far-from-loving care at the age of five. The son of a ditchdigger who seemed only too glad to get rid of him at that early age, Tully might have been considered a success when he could earn thirty dollars a week as a chainmaker.

When he went miles above that form of success, even his father was willing to overlook the mistake they both made in judging Jim as a child. Tully supported his father, until he died, in a style to which the old ditchdigger never had been accustomed, and laughed every time he thought of what a sucker he had been for that old Shanty-Irish shillaber.

When Jim decided he had had enough of the road and of boxing and even of chainmaking, he staked out a claim for himself in Hollywood and worked a lode which everybody believed in but few

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Vacation

SOMEWHERE a steel fish-hook is catching the fickle trout. Over some woodland campfire the flapjacks are browning in the stainless frying pan.

At Deal, New Jersey, steel bulkheads protect the beach from the erosive tides. Modern steel steamships are carrying tycoons and students to hunt grouse and old manuscripts. The ripple of the steel canoe whispers in the stillness of an Adirondack lake, while at Carmel-by-the-Sea someone strums the steel strings of a guitar.

It's vacation time, and steel goes with you. Bethlehem builds steel staterooms, bridges, and metal bands for old oaken buckets. If you deplore this present age and renounce it with Thoreau, we can make the steel for the axeheads which will be needed in your wilderness.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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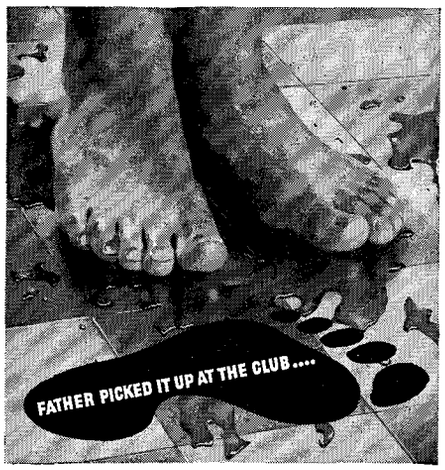
Home life of A CARRIER★



BEWARE OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

THOSE who carry Athlete's Foot injure others as well as themselves, yet there are millions of people today who neglect that itching, burning condition of the skin between the toes.

Hence, wherever they tread barefoot they spread the insidious infection—in club locker-rooms, bathhouses, on the edges of swimming pools, even in their own bathrooms where their families fall prey to the digging, boring fungus.

Don't be a carrier! Examine the skin between your toes at once. Is it red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist's, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 455 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

★ People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

knew how to mine—publicity. He became a public-relations counselor.

In that field he moved about as high as it is possible to go. He became Charlie Chaplin's press agent, and had to handle the public relations of the Genius during the difficult years of Chaplin's lovelife with Lita Grey. For that jittery labor he received fifty dollars a week out of the millions Chaplin was making for being a clown in clover.

His softest studio job was doing the script of *Trader Horn* with John Howard Lawson. He got a thousand a week for that, and still looks back on it as Shakespeare must have looked back on the bounty he got from the Earl of Southampton.

"All I contributed to *Trader Horn*," confessed Trader Tully, "was that animals are afraid of fire."

He grins in a way that shows he still feels pretty proud of his contribution to the million-dollar travelogue.

Of his fights, his battle with the late John Gilbert remains as the most hilarious set-to in Hollywood's long list of smacks on the nose. He was upbraided, as an old boxer, for hitting a matinee idol.

"I didn't hit him," he explained. "He was swinging away at me, and it looked to me as if he'd fan himself to death. So I just put him to sleep for his own protection."

How he can hold on to the roots of his serious writing in such an atmosphere is, as I say, the most enigmatic thing about Tully. Writers with as much industry, leaving out entirely the issue of talent, say, to a man, that they can't work in California. Tully, on the other hand, swears by Hollywood. He can't work in New York. He may fly there twice a year just to see Dempsey, Mencken, and others of the old mob, but after a week or two he begins to die every night waiting for the dawn and then suddenly he hops a rattler or a plane and blows for his Hollywood hideaway.

Of the Rotarian vices which surround us all, Tully is singularly free. He doesn't even smoke. Harris, who didn't either, used to say it was the only vice without a redeeming virtue, and he dropped it in his youth as soon as he found its weakness out. Tully swears, of course, and can drink most women and all men under the table.

It's the Irish in him. When things become intolerable and the wounds of living ache beyond all describing, all Irishmen stifle their imaginations in whiskey and Tully is no exception.

Half-seas over with Barry Fitzgerald of the Abbey Players, he kept telling everybody at a party recently that Fitzgerald was the greatest comic of our times. "I'll regret having said this, in the morning," he added, "but it's true."

Nothing shocks him unless perhaps it's the lewdness of a censor's mind. It hurt him like a mortal blow to have *Ladies in the Parlor* suppressed by Sumner. The fact that it put him in such distinguished company as D. H. Lawrence, Frank Harris, James Branch Cabell, James Joyce, and Arthur Schnitzler didn't mollify him at all.

"I worked three years on that book," he argues, "and as a result of the suppression found my whole income from that three years' effort amounted to five hundred dollars. The book at best never would have made its expenses, but at least it should have had a chance to prove Mencken's contention that it's the best of all my novels."

That he may have the further distinction of being the last eminent author suppressed by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice is another honor that leaves him cold.

How he turned to writing is one of those incredible accidents of history. He was twenty-three at the time and had been sent by Martin Davey, the famous tree surgeon who rose to be governor of Ohio, into the South in command of ten men. His letters to Davey were so interesting the tree surgeon asked him to write something for the company's bulletin. Tully did. That was his first published piece, and though he didn't make much money at writing for a long time, he's averaged $80,000 a year for the last ten years.

Recently he has given up fan-magazine writing, his greatest source of revenue, and glories in the fact that his alfalfa grosses $8000 a year and he gets half of that without doing a stroke of work for it. Amelia Earhart once gazed on his hundred lovely eucalyptus trees towering one hundred feet above his Toluca Lake home.

"How old are they?" she asked Tully.

"Forty years," was his answer. "The spring they were being planted in California I was being taken to an orphanage in Ohio to serve six years (my mother was burning with fever and I gave her the forbidden glass of water which killed her) and all during my sentence in the orphanage I had the trees watched and watered for me. Later when I was being yanked out of boxcars and thrown into jail, when I was being knocked slug-nutty in rings, when I was writing sixteen hours a day and selling not a word of it in twelve years

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of trying, those trees were growing for me. And after forty years here they are and here am I."

Retelling the tale of this divinity which shapes our ends, he smiles, his teeth shine, dimples shadow his red cheeks. He stands on his own land now and drinks from a cloud in the valley.

Life may be "all nuts on a wind-shaken tree," as he says, but an older Tully, grown mellow, can pity even a nut as he does everything else alive, because it has to die.

A Day in the Cumberlands

(*continued from page* 47)

I've sixteen pupils and only one book!"

"I haven't a Third Reader in my school," said another. "The Third Reader class is having to read over their old Second Readers and they're so tired of them."

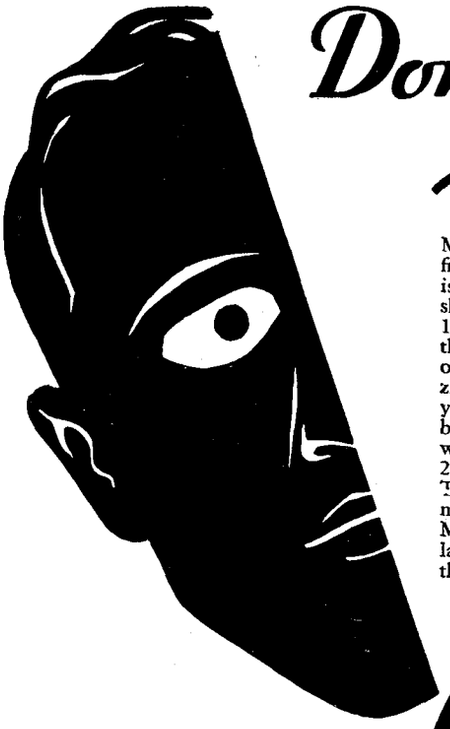
We searched the bookshelves and found a few of the books the teachers needed, and I took a list of the other desperate needs in their schools, promising to fill them as soon as possible. It was nearly dark when the teachers left. My horse, which had had only a hasty breakfast that morning, would have to be groomed and his stall cleaned. The breakfast and lunch dishes were still on the table, my bed was unmade, and I remembered suddenly that in the hectic rush of the day I had forgotten to call for my mail.

The household tasks finished, I went to the post office, and stopped on the way back to see how the sick child was. The mother was trying vainly to read the doctor's orders about food and I showed her what to do.

Back at the community house I read my letters, the first written on ruled paper in an almost illegible hand:

"Dear Miz Laky I am a widow woman with six children my littlus girl ain't never been well she has what some calls the st vitus dance plez cum to see me here I herd you kin cure enny kind of sickness you Kain't git to my hous in a car but effen you drive up the sandy branch road to the church house I kin meet you thar and show you the way hit's only bout four mile plez cum soon as you kin. your fren eliza hanson."

There were several other letters from our part of the county asking for help. Some were from people in other sections of the county who had heard of our work and wanted to know what they could do to help. It was midnight when all of these letters were answered, and another "just average" day was over.



Don't be a ½ Shaver

Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:
1. To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up . . . and sets you up for the day. They *banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted* with their odor.
2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also . . . it's swell after the shower.)

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finish up with
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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The rogues have it this month. The most consummate of them is the wisecracking Harry Bogen, hero of Jerome Weidman's *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* (Simon & Schuster, $2), but old Charlie Squires, the wirepulling and hypocritical ex-Senator of Marquis W. Childs's *Washington Calling!* (Morrow, $2.50) gives Harry a fairly close race for some of the way, at least. Both Mr. Weidman and Mr. Childs are deadpan artists, telling you the most horrifying things with the straightforward air of an Uncle Wiggly pontificating at the bedtime hour. There is no indignation, no moralizing, no intrusive point of view in either novel; nothing but pure narration. But of the authors' presence on the side of the angels you can have no doubt whatever; and if Mr. Childs seems, on reflection, to be a little more lenient than Mr. Weidman, if he seems a little too lenient in his smiling irony, you may put that down to the nature of Charlie Squires. Charlie is more deserving of charity than Harry Bogen. For, being sentimental and not wholly lost to pity, he would be incapable of Harry's final Nietzschean gesture, a gesture that sends a poor trusting dope to jail. The fact that Charlie's skulduggery, objectively considered, is of wider scope, involving as it does the ultimate spoliation of thousands, hardly makes any difference. Charlie can't *see* that spoliation; if he could, he wouldn't behave as he does. But Harry Bogen could see it and still smile and smile and smile and be a villain.

Mr. Weidman's story is something of a *tour de force*. It is all done in terms of an ordered internal monologue, with Harry Bogen reciting his own adventures and supplying his own justifications in a lingo that crackles with phrases that are nakedly alive. When Arthur Kober and Milt Gross write Bronx dumb-waiter Yiddish you sometimes suspect them of laying it on with a trowel. But Mr. Weidman's—or Mr. Bogen's—language comes rippling from the page as though spoken naturally. When Harry himself is doing the talking or the thinking, the prose is devoid of the *gemütlich* warmth that one naturally associates with Hebrew-American argot. But so skillful is the twenty-four-year-old Mr. Weidman that when Harry is quoting Ma Bogen the talk becomes infused with warmth, with tender humor, and with a wise, ironic awareness that life is something that is never to be trusted. In other words, Mr. Weidman is an artist who can characterize people from the inside out.

What one misses in Mr. Weidman's story is a pity that would take the trouble to show you how Harry Bogen got that way in the first place. Surely some terrible inner urge for security, born of who knows what fear, must have driven Harry into becoming the smart, hard impresario who introduces a snide Broadway showman's tactics into the Seventh Avenue dress-goods business. Harry's sociological awareness (he knows enough about radicals to use them as dupes and stooges, laughing at their willingness "to die for dear old Stalin") is too complete to be the property of a man who began as a Machiavellian without interest in human values; he must at one time have had sensibility. Indeed, his suppressed interest in Ruthie Rivkin—whose character is such that she could only be called Ruthie even though her name is Betty—shows that he still has traces of it. But by the close of the book, when he is making a play for an actress and using his company's funds with a blithe disregard of the consequences, he is pretty well past redemption. The scene in which he shifts the onus of his peculations to his partner, poor Meyer Babushkin, is one of the most heart-wrenching in modern fiction. It made me feel bad for days.

Mr. Weidman promises us other books about Harry Bogen. We may count on their excellence. But looking forward to them is almost too much for human frailty to bear. As Burton Rascoe points out, there is at least a touch of Harry Bogen in every man who has a living to make; hence, in looking at Harry Bogen, we are, to some extent, looking at ourselves. The glimpse is not reassuring. Now that Mr. Weidman has put Harry in amber for all time, now that he has shown us the acquisitive spirit at its lowest (Frank Cowperwood, Dreiser's go-getter, was a generous man compared to Harry), I would like to see him turn his prodigious talents to something else. Of one thing I am sure: Mr. Weidman will be neither a one-book man nor a one-*milieu* man. He can create new worlds as well as recall his own past: that is evident in every line of *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*.

*

Marquis Childs's novel is infernally clever and beautifully stage-managed. If you know anything at all about Washington and national politics, you will try to read it as a *roman à clef*. But you will be exasperated trying to pin the characters down. Old Charlie Squires, with the beautiful daughter, vaguely recalls some one's description of Frank Mondell, who was once a member of Congress and later a Washington lawyer, but he obviously isn't Frank Mondell. The Esterbrook brothers, Fred and Will, who have rigged up a legal gadget to gain control of thousands of miles of railroad with a small initial investment, are the Van Sweringens, yet they aren't the Van Sweringens. Old Deltus Mayne, the incorruptible, is seemingly compounded of Carter Glass and George Norris—and until you realize how foolish it is to put Glass and Norris together, you think you have Mayne tagged. Jim Vargas, the boss, is Tom Pendergast of Kansas City plus some puzzling overtones of certain Chicago bosses. John Winthrop, the man in the White House with the Roman matron for a wife, is Franklin D. Roosevelt; of that there can be no doubt. But his good friend George Trevelyan is Felix Frankfurter

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wearing clothes for the Adams family or the Cabot Lodge family, an Austrian libertarian with a New England skin. And Ferris Branolsky, the *amicus curiae* who tries, unsuccessfully, to spoil Charlie Squires's game, is Mr. Justice Brandeis taken off the bench, given Bernard Baruch's money, and blended with the part of Felix Frankfurter that didn't go into Trevelyan. As for the young legation and State Department men, they are easily recognizable as types.

In dealing with type figures Marquis Childs is infinitely more sophisticated than a past generation of political novelist; he, a newspaperman writing his first novel, has turned out something that contrasts with Winston Churchill's *Mr. Crewe's Career* or Gertrude Atherton's *Senator North* as Napoleon brandy contrasts with Tennessee mountain corn. The gossip in *Washington Calling!* falls pat; the plot, showing the lines of force that compel Roosevelt—or Winthrop—to deal with the bold buccaneers of finance at least respectfully, in spite of hard words about economic royalists and money-changers, is entirely realistic, entirely credible. (In *Washington Calling!* Mammon gets his due, while the forces of righteousness get for a sop a Senate investigation into holding-company practices that will air a lot of dirty linen and clean very little of it.) The weak part of the novel is the love interest. Here boy meets girl in a romance that is a concession on Mr. Childs's part to the easy, if not the happy, end. The novel would have had more irony, more salt, if Darnell, old Charlie's beautiful daughter, had gone off to China with Ronny, the State Department boy whom she did not love, instead of meeting the heir to the Van Sweringen—pardon, the Esterbrook—fortune on the boat carrying Charlie and his hundred-thousand-dollar fee to Europe.

*

In the American Jungle: 1925–1936 (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) is a selection made by Harold Clurman from Waldo Frank's essays, reviews, and speeches of the past twelve years. Nathan Asch's *The Road: In Search of America* (Norton, $2.75) is the record of a four months' trip by bus from Washington to the Pacific Coast and back again. Burton Rascoe's *Before I Forget* (Doubleday, Doran, $3) is an autobiography that carries its author from a small-town Kentucky childhood up to and through his career as literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune* when that paper was run by Joseph Medill Patterson, now publisher of the New York *Daily News*. The gulf between Rascoe and Frank is

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a wide one; that between Rascoe and Asch not so wide, but still gaping; yet each writer is, in his way, expressing what might be called the New Patriotism, an interest in and love for America that have nothing to do with armaments or the balance of trade or cash accretions for those who sit at the center of the web that is exposed by Marquis Childs.

Waldo Frank, self-conscious, the eternal pilgrim, yearns to possess the secret of America in his bones. Nathan Asch is less self-conscious, but he also does his share of yearning. Burton Rascoe, wholly unself-conscious, does no yearning whatsoever and is splendidly oblivious to secrets. Where Frank longs to be a prophet, Rascoe has no use for hieratic language or gestures, and he wouldn't have a disciple if you gave him one. It is puzzling to try to make up your mind which of these authors has the better understanding of America. Frank travels with Earl Browder, Communist candidate for president, goes to interview Trotsky, and generalizes about a Puritan-commercial culture in an essay on the physiognomy of Calvin Coolidge. Nathan Asch visits the Colorado sugar-beet pickers, the Arkansas sharecroppers and the lumberjacks of the Northwest, looking for signs of revolt. Rascoe, coming out of the midlands which both Frank and Asch seek to comprehend, lacks the desire to be revolutionist or martyr—and is therefore far closer to the average man upon whom the Messrs. Frank and Asch must depend for their revolution. Admittedly Rascoe doesn't think about the future. Yet this man who is not given to worry or heroics expresses the more completely what we like to think is the essential democracy of America—its hatred of pose and cant, its willingness to live and let live—without worrying about being representative. . . . Well, there's no use in playing one type off against the other, no use calling names. Both types, New York intellectual and Midwest naïf, have helped to create a modern American literature, and both types can be counted on to fight the Fascism which Frank and Asch stylize as the Enemy and which Rascoe would simply resent without stylizing it as anything.

Frank has recently been called a weak man by the Communists. Such an imputation is ridiculous, almost libelous. No man who is weak could go on presenting himself year after year as a mystic, a Spinozan intuitionist, a monist, in a pragmatic, pluralistic land; such swimming against the current takes sublime courage. In the essays about places and people that go to make up *In the American Jungle* Frank often sounds portentous, often invites a snicker or a snort, but when you meet him and talk with him you know that he is humble. Those who say he lacks strength say the one thing that is completely untrue about him.

*

Twenty years ago the United States went to war, thereby staving off a depression which caught up with us eventually in 1929. Just what we got out of the crusade, beyond a postponement and an intensification of something we had to face sometime anyway, has always been a mystery. In *The Tragic Fallacy: A Study of America's War Policies* (Knopf, $4) Mauritz Hallgren quotes chapter, verse, and statistics to prove that our military men, our navalists, and our business interests are prepared to plunge us all over again into war beyond our borders. In *Neutrality for the United States* (Yale University Press, $3.50) Edwin Borchard and William P. Lage show, step by step, the blunders in negotiation and in the application of international law that committed Woodrow Wilson and Secretary of War—pardon me, Secretary of State—Lansing to siding actively with the Allies. Hallgren and the Messrs. Borchard and Lage complement each other, the one dwelling on economic factors, the others sticking to the legalistic and moral. Both books are necessary to a complete picture of the struggle between the forces of war and peace. And each raises the issue: "Why must we repeat our mistakes of the past?" The weakness of Hallgren is his Cassandra tone, a tone which is apt to rob his readers of their will to keep the United States at peace. The weakness of the Messrs. Borchard and Lage is that their emphasis on non-economic factors may cause their readers to overlook the possibility of hobbling the economic interests that would lead us into war. But Borchard and Lage are right about this: the will to peace must precede all else.

Book Notes

Detective fiction has never been our weakness. Not because it isn't good enough. On the contrary. We have always been too prone, anyway, to hear the fire-escape window opening behind us as we lie reading in bed in the apartment alone. We have stumbled over many a corpse in the dark while fumbling in frantic hysteria for the electric switch. Any further stimulation of our imagination in such directions is not only unnecessary, but positively dangerous. We appreciate the fact that by turning our cowardly backs on this form of distraction we are missing some Great Experiences and that some of the best minds of our day are hopeless addicts. Paul Elmer More, for instance, managed to spare enough time from Plato and humanism to amass one of the finest collections of detective stories in the world. And he had read them, too, every one.

That leaves us pretty much nowhere and certainly in no position to recommend to real fans some of the best mysteries of the current season for vacation reading. . . . So it is with the greatest kind of pleasure that we have been able to get S. S. Van Dine to perform this service for us. The *Scribner's Recommends* list (see page 63) presents the ten best detective novels of the 1937 spring season, chosen and reviewed in brief by a man who has made and solved some of the greatest mysteries of our time. Van Dine himself has had no new novel out this year, but it will be good news to every Philo Vance enthusiast that *The Powwow Murder Case* is scheduled to appear in October.

*

Probably it can all be put down to differences in individual temperaments, but when we hear that Jerome Weidman, whose *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* has been bought by the public, acclaimed by the critics (see John Chamberlain in this issue), and read by almost everybody, works at a job during the day, studies law at night (God knows why, he says), and writes *in between times,* we feel anew a very smug and very unreasoning impatience with those who tell us that they can't write their novels because they've never been able to "get away somewhere and write." Psychologists would probably put our reactions down to the fact that we personally could never write a short story, let alone a novel, under any circumstances whatsoever. But isn't it true that if you have something really worth saying it is *bound* to come out whether you have a minute or twenty-four hours a day to write it in? Well, Jerome Weidman thinks a whole lot, too, about a whole lot of things. "I write in between times," he explains, "and most of the rest of the time, too, because I like it. I am losing my hair and my fear of putting things down on paper; I think

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Whirlpool

A Novel

by David Lamson

The author of *We Who Are About to Die* here traces in a swiftly moving narrative the steps that led to an atrocious miscarriage of justice in a Western town. A provocative, outspoken, deeply moving story — based on an actual American trial.

Published July 23. $2.50

Cathedral Close

by Susan Goodyear

A brilliantly characterized, understanding, and quietly dramatic story of life among the residents of an English cathedral community —"that secretive sacerdotal world, as mysterious as a lamasery"— — and the resurgence of a long-dead scandal. $2.50

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by E. C. Large

"It is exciting and very powerful; and it should be enthusiastically read by chemists, young men and women of scientific education, and older people whose minds are not yet pulp . . . the book is original, uncompromising, and so powerful that it fades even *The Outward Room*. I warmly commend it."

FRANK WINNERTON in *The Observer*

Published July 27. $2.50

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by Laurence Housman

author of "Victoria Regina"

This "story of a monarch in difficulties" with its remarkable similarities to recent happenings in England — although it was first published twenty-five years ago and has long been out of print — will charm every discriminating reader by its wit, satire, and uncanny prophecy. $2.50

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by Dixon Wecter

A detailed, candid, inclusive, witty, and fully documented history of American society as spelled with a big S. North, South, East, and West — the "first families" of the great cities are all considered, without fear or favor, and the part they, and their imitators, have played and may still play in American social and cultural development penetratingly analyzed. Open it at any page and you will find something interesting, hilarious or amazing, and the scores of illustrations from photographs, drawings, cartoons, and paintings are almost as illuminating as the text. No more complete study of the subject has been published, nor one so full of interest for the general reader as well as the specialist in social history. *Published July 30*

504 pages. 136 illustrations. $4.00

Charles Scribner's Sons

They Broke the Prairie

by Earnest Elmo Calkins

Being some account of the settlement of the Upper Mississippi Valley by religious and educational pioneers, told in terms of one city, Galesburg, and of one college, Knox.

"Here is a veritable account of one part of America's greatest epic — the peopling of an empty continent." *New York Herald Tribune*

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A Guide to the Next War

by Felix Wittmer

"It covers the huge canvas of present world affairs with sharply drawn figures, understandable action, and keen delineation of motives. Required reading for any one even slightly interested in the fate of our unhappy planet."

STERLING NORTH in *The Chicago Daily News.* $3.75

Dusk of Empire

by Wythe Williams

"A work of major importance, which adds measurably to the inside history of the great war and the many acts and scenes which were comprised in that huge drama."

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the great American novel will be written by Ernest Hemingway; I eat almost anything and drink almost nothing because food keeps me awake and liquor puts me to sleep; I think *The Great Gatsby* is one of the tenderest love stories I have ever read. Sometimes I write in longhand and sometimes on the typewriter, sometimes on white paper and sometimes on blue, sometimes at night and sometimes in the morning, am shockingly indifferent to the color of my typewriter ribbon, but I never write in shorthand (which I know) because if I can't see the words they don't mean anything to me. When H. G. Wells wants to let himself out, as in *The History of Mr. Polly,* he can crowd P. G. Wodehouse off the track. The only serious difficulty with writing on a part-time basis is that it cuts into your reading time, which is more serious than it sounds because no writer this side of the pulps should ever be further than reaching distance from the daily papers, the history books, and the more intelligent texts on economics. I'd give my right arm up to here, or almost, to be able to write like E. B. White. Writing a novel is a long, sweet job, but writing a short story is debilitating and nerve wracking. It has been a standing argument in my family for five years whether I am five feet nine or five feet ten inches tall, with nobody daring to suggest the obvious settlement of the controversy because we will then be left without a harmless subject to switch to when the various political theories are being defended a trifle too warmly by their family champions. I don't believe with Gissing that a writer must necessarily serve an apprenticeship to starvation, but I don't think it ever hurt one to get close enough to find out why some people do. Simon and Schuster, for obvious reasons, are the smartest publishers in the business."

*

A poster comes across our desk from South Berwick, Maine, where Gladys Hasty Carroll lives and writes her novels—*As the Earth Turns,* and the current best-selling *Neighbor to the Sky.* The poster informs us that two afternoons each summer, there in South Berwick, *As the Earth Turns* comes to life under the direction of Mrs. Carroll herself. The audience sits on hillside benches on the Shaw farm (those who remember the book will not forget the Shaws), under an open sky in the shade of a big walnut tree, and watch the Shaws through the seasons of the year: spring, summer, and fall. The poster says that they see Jen Shaw going in and out of her house, about her work. They hear her talking with her family and neighbors. "They come to know her and all those she loves—Mark, Cora, Ed, Margaret, Olly, Lois May, Bun, John, and finally Stan Janowski. . . . The Hasty farm becomes the Shaw farm for two days. The farming people of the neighborhood become the Shaw family and the Janowskis." If it rains, the production is postponed till the first fair afternoon following. Admission is fifty cents and a dollar. Everyone is welcome, and there is just time to get there. This summer the dates are July 30 and 31, 3 P.M., daylight-saving time. Proceeds from the production go entirely to the Community Improvement Association.

*

Rose Franken, whose *Another Language* was one of the most outstanding and most popular plays on Broadway last year, and whose novel, *Of Great Riches,* appeared this spring, has given up Hollywood and bought a place with a lake on it in Lyme, Connecticut. Her oldest son goes to Harvard and her two younger children walk to the rural school, carrying their lunch boxes. She has just married again—William Brown Meloney—and is working on a new play.

*

In a purely fictitious novel about Washington (again see John Chamberlain's review in this issue), Marquis Childs probably packs a good deal more truth than appears in many of the allegedly true-to-life pictures of famous characters in the Capital which have come from the presses recently. While *Washington Calling!* is busy running up editions this summer, Mr. Childs and his family are spending a vacation on the scene of his former best-seller, *Sweden, the Middle Way.* He, his mother, his wife, and two children are taking a house for the summer at Saltsjöbaden which is the archipelago outside of Stockholm, a lovely place, he writes, "rather like Maine, with rocks and pines going down to the water. One of our concerns will be to get an English-speaking cook or at least a cook who speaks a modicum of English. We had rather looked forward to a peaceful and somewhat secluded summer but now we learn, with mixed emotions, that an extraordinary number of our friends are coming to Sweden. [*He's got himself to thank for a lot of the new interest in Sweden.* ED. NOTE.] I shall be traveling a good part of the time in Scandinavia, Great Britain, and possibly Russia, gathering material for a book on collective bargaining as it has been built into custom and law in the northern democracies. But thanks to excellent plane service, I shall be able, I hope, to make Stockholm at least a week-end base. I am obtaining a leave of absence from my job in Washington with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* One of the grand things about working for this paper is that they will grant time off even though occasionally it may be a little inconvenient. We expect to return to Washington about October 1 and I shall take up my job again. We feel rather settled there although I don't think anyone in the postwar era ever feels settled anywhere. We have bought a house which is a curious copy of the houses that solid Hamburg citizens built in their garden suburbs in the early 1900's—plain white, no adornment, chiefly windows. It stands in an acre of ground that has lovely planting. And, of course, like all house owners, we are planning to do remodeling in the fall."

That book on collective bargaining will be gobbled up in this country, unless we miss our guess altogether. In our own sorry struggle to set up some law and precedent in labor disputes, an intelligent guidebook in this direction should be invaluable, unless, by fall, our labor troubles have been decided, for better or for worse, without benefit of book learning.

*

Belle Rosenbaum, who writes "Why Do They Read It?" in this issue, is absolutely right. As a people we are hopelessly and inevitably Civil-War-minded. Best-seller lists in the past two weeks have mentioned three other Civil War novels besides *Gone With the Wind. None Shall Look Back,* by Caroline Gordon, *Bugles Blow No More,* by Clifford Dowdey, and *Boy in Blue,* by Royce Brier. But if you think *we* have a hard time getting away from it, what do you make of this? Royce Brier, after three years of moiling through official records of the Union Armies, for his *Boy in Blue,* decided to get as far away from the subject as possible and took a vacation in Egypt and Syria. That seems safe, doesn't it? Well, in an antique shop in the Street Called Straight, in Damascus, Mr. Brier was offered a steel engraving of the Battle of Shiloh. It had been torn out of some old postwar memoirs, but the Arab apparently thought it alluded to Shiloh of the Jews, and couldn't understand the uniforms at all.

The galley proofs of *Boy in Blue* were read in Athens (Greece, not Georgia), and Mr. and Mrs. Brier have been living in London since June 1.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

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Scribner's Recommends:

These books which S. S. Van Dine chooses and reviews as the best ten detective stories of the 1937 spring season.

*

1. *Trial of Lizzie Borden,* by Edmund Pearson. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

America's classic *cause célèbre,* thoroughly and brilliantly treated by this country's greatest and most painstaking chronicler of crime. A definitive and absorbing book, fully documented and expertly conceived. A long-needed historical record by an unquestioned authority.

2. *Black Land, White Land,* by H. C. Bailey. Published for the Crime Club, Inc., by Doubleday, Doran. $2.

A full-length Reggie Fortune novel without a dull page, and with all the fascination and *savoir faire* of the best of the Reggie Fortune short stories. Highly intelligent without the slightest trace of stuffiness, and with a background of geology which enhances the book's macabre quality. Reggie Fortune is at his nimble best and in his most delightful form throughout. An excellent plot, shrewd characterizations, and a building up of suspense to the last chapter. Top-hole both figuratively and literally.

3. *Cards on the Table,* by Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. $2.

This book, though perhaps not quite up to Agatha Christie's high standard, may easily qualify as one of this year's best detective-mystery tales, and no follower of the eccentric Hercule Poirot should let it escape him. The problem is unique and highly psychological in its implications. The cards are on the table, not only for the suspect bridge players, but for the arm-chair sleuths as well. Conceived and executed with originality, and far more than readable.

4. *Busman's Honeymoon,* by Dorothy L. Sayers. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Dorothy L. Sayers' latest book is given a new and slightly extraneous twist which tends rather to enhance the murder-mystery element than to detract from it. Lord Peter Wimsey himself no sooner marries than he stumbles upon a corpse, and his honeymoon becomes a busman's holiday. The book carries the subtitle *A Love Story with Detective Interruptions*, but despite its many side issues, its comedy, its romance, its detailed characterizations, and its humanitarian angles, it is nonetheless a first-rate, satisfying, and well-constructed detective drama.

5. *Death Stops the Rehearsal,* by Richard M. Baker. Scribners. $2.

This second detective novel by Richard M. Baker (whose début was made with *Death Stops the Manuscript*) is even better than his first. The story moves more smoothly, and the crime is as ingenious as any I can recall. The amateur detective, Franklin Russell, appears again in this new story, as does his friend and co-worker, Detective-Sergeant McCoun. As a writer of painstaking and scholarly detective novels, Mr. Baker leaves little to be desired. A straightforward and capable work that hews assiduously to the line on every page.

6. *About the Murder of a Man Afraid of Women,* by Anthony Abbot. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.

The fact that this book is another Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt story, and is in every way up to the high standard Mr. Abbot has established, should be recommendation enough. It clings closely to police methods, as do all of Mr. Abbot's stories, and is a thrilling novel, packed with action and excitement. Contains all the elements that make for an excellent *roman policier,* and shows every indication of competence and writing experience.

7. *The Case of the Dangerous Dowager,* by Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. $2.

If, by any strange quirk of fate, you are not familiar with the Perry Mason stories of Erle Stanley Gardner, by all means acquaint yourself with them through this book. While not a Simon-pure detective novel, it nonetheless has more than sufficient elements to place it in the criminal-problem category, and is sure to give you a thrilling three hours. Shrewd, expertly handled, and entertaining.

8. *The Red Box,* by Rex Stout. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.

Pithy as usual, this new chronicle of the orchid-loving Nero Wolfe can, without hesitation, be highly recommended. Baffling, entertaining, and exciting, both in physical action (thanks to Archie Goodwin) and sedentary mentation (thanks to Nero Wolfe himself). Clever workmanship, not a single blank stretch — and an air which lifts it far out of the common ruck. Take it with you in your summer suitcase, by all means.

9. *The Affair of the Scarlet Crab,* by Clifford Knight. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Man overboard! — and then the excitement rises to fever heat. A lively and clear-cut group of characters tend to intensify the detective element. Above the ordinary, with a fascinating tropical background, and well worthy of the competitive prize it won.

10. *There's Trouble Brewing,* by Nicholas Blake. Harpers. $2.

More or less according to a standard mystery gambit, but logically worked out despite the intricacies and red herrings of the murder pattern. A bit unpleasant in spots, but still entertaining and a good puzzle. Will hold the interest and satisfy the reader, even if he does nose out the amateur detective in the home stretch.

It is interesting to note that:

. . . Willard Huntington Wright—S. S. Van Dine to you—has a new murder mystery of his own coming out in October, *The Powwow Murder Case.* Philo Vance pulls out all the stops and solves this new murder in a style that makes the book a worthy successor to *The "Canary" Murder Case, The Greene Murder Case, The Bishop Murder Case, The Kidnap Murder Case,* and the other stories which have made him famous.

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

If you should hear four knocks on your door, being familiar with Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony,* you would probably think of Fate calling rather than the inevitable Fuller brush man. For a musical phrase can be made to mean anything when supplemented by associative bonds contributed by the listener or suggested by the composer or critic. Ever since Schindler claimed that Beethoven described the terse repeated-note figure at the beginning of the *Fifth* as "Thus Fate knocks on the door," listeners have been indelibly impressed and, if one believes a large number of them, actually aided to an enjoyment of the symphony.

People who listen to music will continue to saturate it with imaginings bounded only by the horizon of a workaday world. Where a definite program is not implied by the composer—as in a symphony—most critics have been at pains to insist that music and nothing but music should be the goal of instruction in appreciation. In rescuing the listener from the pernicious habit of making extraneous associations and in focusing his attention on the intrinsic properties of the music itself, educators find it imperative to direct and guide him toward the more legitimate and rewarding perception of musical form.

Some of the stumbling blocks in the paths of pilgrims unable to perform upon an instrument or to cope with musical notation have been cleared away in B. H. Haggin's *A Book of the Symphony* (Oxford, $5) by the simple expedient of locating for the reader at exactly designated spots on phonograph records the themes of eight symphonies of Haydn, seven of Mozart, all nine of Beethoven, two of Schubert, all four of Brahms, three of Tschaikowsky, and the solitary *D minor* of César Franck—the development of the themes and their organization in the whole. In short, the example is printed (for the musician) while the layman is supplied with a celluloid rule, fitting the spindle of a turntable, and a definite measurement, down to the fraction of a sixteenth of an inch, at which point on a given disc he may hear the example.

Despite Mr. Haggin's claim that technical knowledge is something which the reader of his book is presumed not to have, I am somewhat at sea regarding the specific type of listener to whom his book would appeal. Patently, it is directed at popular consumption; unquestionably it will clarify for many listeners the mechanics of melodic organiza-

tion. Scant space, however, is given to the highly important elements of harmony and orchestration; in general, the musical amateur, for whom the book is obviously intended, will need to know a great deal more of these coloristic elements than Mr. Haggin cares to divulge. As with all skeletonized texts of this sort —after a brief elucidation of the history of the symphony and analyses of elementary forms, the procedure plainly reduces itself to the linking of this phrase with this succeeding one, now extended and followed by No. 3, etc.— I cannot shake the feeling that at the outset the author got the field of composition confused with that of appreciation. The dissecting of a symphony, or any work of art, for that matter, is not an act of appreciation but something of an intellectual game. The *experience* of integrating the parts into a whole is more important than unraveling the structural elements of its composition, and depends largely upon the listener's susceptibility to musical form, his innate form-mindedness. If only Mr. Haggin had stimulated the potentialities of his readers' natural perceptions by emphasizing the *function* of the melodic elements in the general design, then would his book gain in value for sympathetic laymen.

The extent of your knowledge of musical structure will be increased by *A Book of the Symphony,* but Mr. Haggin's symphonic X rays provide cross sections best studied by students of composition rather than by those whose ultimate enjoyment of a symphony is attained when, *sans* ruler, the work is felt, experienced in its entirety—created anew rather than anatomized, examined, conjugated. Mr. Haggin forgets that it is axiomatic that the listener who grasps the form of a symphony will have little difficulty understanding its structure once the opportunity for repeated hearings, such as the phonograph provides, presents itself. It does not necessarily follow that the listener who memorizes the structure will also grasp the form. All depends upon the listener's sensitivity —if he is naturally form-minded then you cannot teach him to feel the whole, for he does so instinctively. Those who are least form-minded, musical psychologists say, will find the value of the music in what it suggests to them, leaning heavily on literary descriptions, which Mr. Haggin assiduously avoids, and program connotations, which Charles O'Connell in his *Victor Book of the Symphony,* an earlier publication, copiously cultivates. Mr. Haggin's method has nothing to offer this type. But what perplexes me is, do curious and naturally form-minded listeners really need a ruler?

The analyses of symphonies and other typical works in Martin Bernstein's *An Introduction to Music* (Prentice-Hall, $4) are broader and at the same time more comprehensive than Mr. Haggin's, and involve considerably less emphasis on melodic development. Informative chapters on seventeen famous composers from Bach to Debussy are prefaced with papers on elemental acoustics and musical instruments and fundamental musical concepts covering

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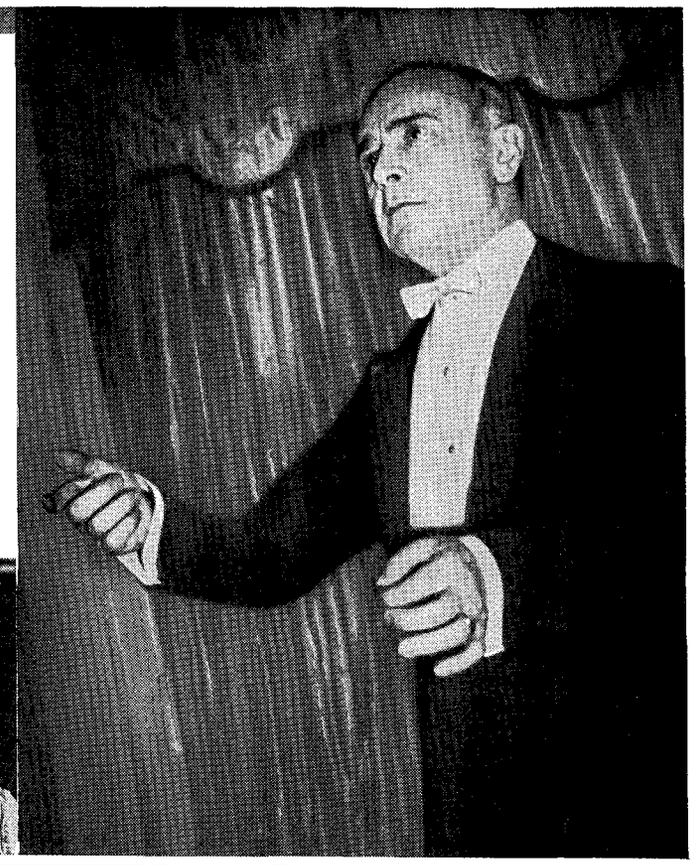

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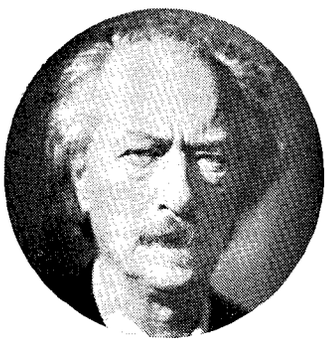

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Arturo Toscanini—Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York
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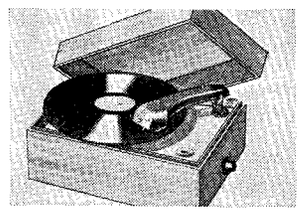

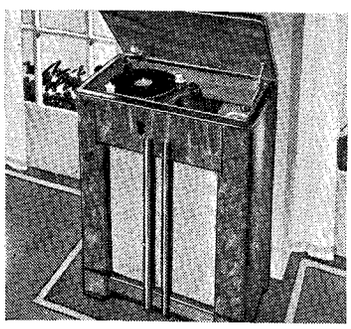

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rhythm and melody, polyphony and harmony, and form. Divisions between classical, romantic, and national schools, and Italian opera of the early and late nineteenth-century periods, and Wagnerian music drama are punctuated with illuminating chapters; and contemporary tendencies are noted. I wish that this excellent book had incorporated Mr. Haggin's logical method of appending phonograph-disc references to its musical illustrations, for among the 400-odd examples printed it presents less than ten which will not be found on records. It is, perhaps, unfair to quarrel with the historical boundaries Mr. Bernstein has set for the circumference of his text, but, at a time when modern instruments of musical reproduction are introducing us to so many illustrious and provocative figures of the remote past, it seems hardly excusable that only the music heard today in the concert hall and opera house and through the air should have been touched upon more or less comprehensively.

That thought gives me occasion to mention the recent publication of J. A. Westrup's *Purcell* (Dutton, $2), an exhaustive study of England's greatest composer, the musical highlight of the Restoration. There is but a bare mention of his name in *An Introduction,* and that in no connection with his magnificent music. An exploration of unusual fruitfulness awaits the music lover who acquaints himself with this neglected musician and the splendid records of his opera *Dido and Aeneas* (Decca Nos. 25573/9), the "Golden Sonata" and *Sonata in A minor,* both for two violins and harpsichord (Decca Nos. 25614/5), and nine four-part *Fantasias* and a *Fantasia on one note,* played by string quartet, and the vocal catches and airs, all included in the first volume of the *English Music Society* (English Columbia records). Hymned by Pepys and Evelyn, Purcell was appreciated in his day. The restoration of his music to its proper place now seems secured, thanks to the recording companies and, in no small sense, to the indefatigable Mr. Westrup.

Record Highlights

From recent record lists the following are selected for midsummer enjoyment. The Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms items all have a verdancy that knows no season, and Mozart's limpid melodies are as refreshing as the proverbial spring water. Walton's *Façade* is delightful musical buffoonery.

*

J. S. Bach:
Passion According to St. Matthew: Finale. Charles M. Courboin, Grand Court Organ, Wanamaker's, Philadelphia. Victor No. 14321.
Partita No. 6 in E minor. Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord. Gamut set No. 2.

Wilhelm Friedmann Bach:
Sonata in C.

Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach:
Sonata in G. Ernst Victor Wolff, piano. Musicraft Nos. 1011 & 1012.

J. C. F. Bach:
Quartet No. 1 in E-flat. Perole String Quartet. Musicraft No. 1003.

Beethoven:
Sonata in F-sharp, op. 78. Egon Petri, piano. Columbia No. 68939.
Rondo in C; "Für Elise." Artur Schnabel, piano. Victor No. 14322.
Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2. Budapest String Quartet. Victor set No. M340.
Quintet in C, op. 29. Lener String Quartet; Wm. Primrose, 2nd viola. Columbia set No. 294.

Brahms:
Symphony No. 3 in E, op. 90. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter. Victor set No. M341.
Quartet in A, op. 26. Rudolf Serkin, piano; Adolf Busch, violin; Karl Doktor, viola; Hermann Busch, 'cello. Victor set No. M346.

Debussy:
The Children's Corner. Walter Gieseking, piano. Columbia Nos. 68962 & 17088.
Clair de Lune (orch. Stokowski). Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor No. 1812.

Delius:
Summer Night on the River. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia No. 17087.

Dvořák:
Slavonic Dances Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 13, 14, 15 & 16. Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Vaclav Talich. Victor set No. M345.

Mozart:
Sonata No. 10 in B-flat (K378); Sonata No. 15 in B-flat (K454). Jascha Heifetz, violin; Emanuel Bey, piano. Victor set No. M343.
Concerto in E-flat (K291). Walter Gieseking, piano; Berlin State Opera Orchestra. Columbia set No. 291.
Sonata in F (K332); Rondo in D (K485). Ernst Victor Wolff, piano. Musicraft set No. 1.
Quartet in E (K590). Stradivarius String Quartet. Columbia set No. 296.
Quintet in A (K581). Simeon Bellison, clarinet; Roth String Quartet. Columbia set No. 293.

Schumann:
Papillons, op. 2. Alfred Cortot, piano. Victor Nos. 1819 & 1820.

Richard Strauss:
Don Juan. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Fritz Busch. Victor Nos. 11983 & 11984.

William Walton:
Façade-Suite. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by the composer. Victor Nos. 12034 & 12035.
Overture "Portsmouth Point." B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Victor No. 4327.

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

You may be the smartest mathematician this side of Einstein and still not know that Austin is the capital of Texas. Or maybe you're a genius at geography and can't bisect an angle. To keep you on your toes, we present each month this diversified examination designed to check up on all manner of mental malnutrition.

To determine your S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*) just check the one correct answer among the choices listed after each question. When you've completed all fifty, multiply the number of incorrect replies by 2 and subtract this from 100. (If you miss 10 questions, you subtract 20 points and you get a score of 80—you also get dirty looks from the Editors, who averaged only 74.)

On this particular quiz a selected group of college juniors averaged 62; a group of lawyers, 78; doctors, 76; major executives, 80. Now you try. (*correct answers on page* 76)

1. When a musician sees the word allegro on his music sheet, he knows it means:

"take it easy, kid!" *play briskly*
pause *play softly* *slow and sad*

2. One of America's most famous hotels is the Palmer House, located in:

Boston *St. Louis* *Cincinnati*
Chicago *New Orleans* *Saratoga Springs*

3. In Edward Everett Hale's famous story the name of *The Man Without A Country* was:

Philip Nolton *Philip Norton*
Philip Bolton *Philip Nolan*

4. Among the British crown jewels there is a famous, huge, old diamond known as:

The Sparkler *The Punkha Din* *The Rock*
The Lord Nelson *The Kohinoor*
The Numa

5. If you were to run across the International Date Line, it would be in:

the middle of the Pacific Ocean *Europe*
the middle of the Atlantic Ocean *Asia*
the middle of a school girl's conversation

6. One of these pairs is in the movie version of *The Good Earth:*

Gary Cooper and Anna May Wong
Lionel Barrymore and Doris Nolan
Paul Muni and Louise Rainer
Clark Gable and Sylvia Sydney

7. Outer Mongolia is bound most closely by economic and political ties to:

China *U.S.S.R.* *Japan* *India*

8. For a good many years *Webster's Dictionary* has been published by:

Funk & Wagnalls *The Macmillan Co.*
G. & C. Merriam Co. *Street & Smith*

9. To make animated cartoons for the movies like Walt Disney's, it is necessary to:

photograph thousands of separate drawings
study a live mouse for inspiration
pose each scene with live characters
cut each scene out of cardboard and tin

10. Woodrow Wilson was a graduate of:

Oklahoma State Teachers College
Columbia *Harvard* *Amherst*
Yale *Princeton* *Swarthmore*

11. It is claimed by Washington, D. C., authorities that the U.S.S.R. cannot annex the North Pole region because:

Amundsen discovered it first
it's only ice-covered water, not land
it's actually Danish property
it's too cold for the proper ceremonies

12. If you were introduced to Millen Brand, it is likely you would get to talking about:

the Indianapolis automobile race
trends in women's dress designing
a novel entitled The Outward Room

13. One of these objects is composed of cork, rubber, wool, cotton, and leather:

a life preserver *a five-cent cigar*
a golfball *a bowling ball*
a table-tennis racquet *a baseball*

14. The President of General Motors is:

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. *Pierre S. du Pont*
Walter S. Gifford *William Knudsen*
Owen D. Young *Gerard P. Swope*

15. One of these is not capable of flight:

flying fish *flying frog* *flying jib*
flying phalanger *flying lemur*

16. In Europe everyone knows the Gestapo is:

the German State Police
a French gourmets' society
a secret Soviet spying organization
an Italian state-controlled newspaper

17. One of these sentences is grammatically incorrect:

The Count grew very angry with her
He replied, "I have swum many times!"
Neither Harold nor the Adams play well
"It's a singular phenomena," he said

18. Two of Columbus' vessels were the *Nina* and the *Pinta,* the third one was the:

Santa Lucia *Santa Maria* *Santa Anna*
Santa Clara *Santa Paula* *Santa Claus*

19. If you bumped into someone in the dark who said he was Father Bernard Hubbard, you could reply:

"Why, of course, the famous War chaplain!"
"I know—you're the glacier priest!"
"Yes indeed—Father Coughlin's aide!"
"At last—the man who converted Mae West!"

20. The chief objection to the use of helium instead of hydrogen in zeppelins is:

its overpowering odor
its highly inflammable nature
its lesser lifting capacity
its lightness and incompressibility

21. Queen Mother Mary of England is 70, which makes her younger than all but one of these:

Pope Pius XI *Herbert Hoover*
Ignace Paderewski *Kaiser William II*
Willis Van Devanter *Connie Mack*

22. Americans go to Salzburg, Austria, in

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August for several of these, but they tell their friends they're going because of:

the beer *the women* *the skiing*
the folk dances *the music*
the Shakespeare festival *the baths*

23. A deaf person seeking treatment would go to:

a polygamist *a geneticist* *an atheist*
an otologist *an orologist* *a purist*

24. The first time Dick Merrill flew the Atlantic, it was to pilot Harry Richman; the second time he flew across, it was to:

get as far away from Harry as possible
test out a new Lockheed Sirius plane
bring back pictures of the Coronation
try out a new and less foggy route

25. Much fact and fiction has been written about France's Devil's Island which is just off the shore of:

northwest Africa *southeast Africa*
northern South America *Normandy*
eastern Spain *Southwestern France*

26. This spring, John J. Raskob and Pierre S. du Pont were both on trial on charges of:

piloting yachts while intoxicated
overcapitalizing a joint corporation
selling each other stocks with the agreement to repurchase

27. One of these cities has the highest average winter temperature:

New Orleans *Mobile* *Key West*
Nome *Los Angeles* *Phoenix*

28. You'd have a hard time buying a new model of all but one of these cars:

Winton *Chalmers* *Chandler*
Willys *Maxwell* *Peerless*

29. The newest European sport to grip Americans is "Faltbootpaddeln" or:

barefoot hiking *moonlight archery*
motorcycling in tandem *egg bowling*
fold-boating *rollerskating on ice*

30. There's a misspelled word here:

inoculate *innuendo* *rarify*
plaguy *plaintiff* *pimiento*

31. Simon Lake was to the invention of the submarine as Charles Goodyear was to the invention of:

pneumatic tire *hot-water bottle*
vulcanizing of rubber *rubber girdle*
showerproof topcoat *wiltproof collar*

32. In baseball, one of these is known as a balk:

when a team gets mad and refuses to play
when a man is hit by a ball
when a batter bats from outside the box
when a pitcher makes a throwing motion without throwing

33. The Prime Minister of Britain is:

Austen Chamberlain *Ramsay MacDonald*
The Archbishop of Canterbury
David Lloyd George *Anthony Eden*
Stanley Baldwin *Neville Chamberlain*

34. The spring and summer trend in women's hat fashions has featured:

beer-mug shapes *dangling ribbons*
perfumed brims *pigskin crowns*
raccoon tails *plate-glass visors*

35. There was quite a bit of publicity attending the announcement that onetime German Chancellor Brüning had been:

appointed a professor at Harvard
made Reich Ambassador to France
incarcerated in a Nazi prison camp
chosen Director of German Peace Efforts

36. The word luff is used correctly in one of these sentences:

"Darling, I luff you!" he whispered
Her dress had two gores and a luff
Most cotton is bailed with luff cord
"Luff her a bit!" cried the first mate

37. The next line after: "For men may come and men may go" is:

"But a bad joke goes on forever"
"But I go on forever"
"But love lives ever and ever"
"But naught can true love sever"

38. Of the more than $500,000,000 which John D. Rockefeller gave away, the largest share went to one of these causes:

education *religion* *prohibition*
cancer research *relief* *health*

39. The present King of Denmark is known as:

Haakon VII *Boris III* *George II*
Gustav V *Christian X* *Peter II*
Alof III *Oskar I* *Beowulf XVI*

40. Whenever possible, an airplane always takes off:

during a full moon *with the wind*
across the wind *into the wind*
with water ballast *into the sun*

41. The name of Dale Carnegie's book, long a best-seller, is:

How To Win People And Influence Friends
How To Win Influence And Make Friends
How To Win Friends And Influence People
How To Make Frenzies And Influence Hate

42. There is one big question worrying the Union of South Africa now and that is:

Will Britain support her in a war?
What's the future of gold in the world?
How long can the natives be held back?
Will veldt hats continue in style?

43. When soldiers speak of a brass hat, they are referring to:

a staff officer *an artilleryman*
a college graduate *a cavalryman*
a mess officer *a sailor*
an aviator *a bugler*

44. Lou Ambers and Tony Canzoneri have been rivals for years in:

six-day bicycle racing *wrestling*
boxing *auto-racing* *golf*
vaudeville *bowling* *billiards*
badminton *squash* *chess*

45. The word precedence is pronounced:

pree-SEED-ens *PRESS-eh-dens*

46. One of these is not a contemporary American artist:

Grant Wood *Reginald Marsh*
George Luks *Edward Hopper*
Henry Varnum Poor *John Sloan*
Thomas Benton *Georgia O'Keeffe*

47. Any mention of the great Aluminum Company of America should make you think of:

the Luckenbachs *the Morgans* *the Dukes*
the Mellons *the Vanderbilts*
the Harrimans *the Marshall Fields*

48. In addition to his yachting challenges, T. O. M. Sopwith is well-known in England as:

a tea importer *a diamond jobber*
the head of a great chemical trust
an airplane manufacturer *a gin maker*
a collector of old theater programs

49. If you can believe the ads " ..... Never Get On Your Nerves":

Lucky Strikes *Old Golds* *Camels*
Chesterfields *Raleighs* *Kools*
Herbert Tareytons *Marlboros* *Spuds*

50. The Germans made some pretty sarcastic remarks about the French Government this spring when:

the Paris Fair was late in opening
the French fleet went on strike
peasant taxes were raised twice
the Red majority voted for peace by war
the Normandie was armor-plated

On Modern Poetry

BERTRAM O. MOODY

I like this poetry moderne;
I do not have to care a dern
About the rhyme.

For I can write in any style
And change it every little while,
And when the going gets too rough,
I set down any damned old stuff—
Like this:

The robin stood in the wet grass.
He could not sit
Because
He did not wear waterproof pants.
He was looking for
A luscious, wriggly worm
That spent his days in
Deep Thought and Silence.
The worm would not come out
Because
He knew his head
Was safer underground,
And he did not want his neck
Stretched.

And thus the modern poem goes—
It's really somewhat feeble prose!

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Why Do They Read It?

(*continued from page 24*)

elated to find that women were not supernal mysteries of beauty and fortitude—just babes who were constantly in need of cigarettes and who wept a curious mixture of mascara and salt water into their beer. Women discovered what men had been doing in taverns and saloons for centuries.

All this had its reflection in the current literature, notably in Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat.* This story of postwar London night life, which made the odd point that syphilis and nymphomania are incompatible, was banned from libraries (thus increasing its sale) and became a stage vehicle for a rising young actress named Katharine Cornell. It ended as a movie about the nobility of a woman's love, with Greta Garbo insinuating that you could look at nobility in two ways.

This latter phenomenon was not anachronistic. Neither decency nor prudery had vanished from the world; nor had thought descended to chaos. The year 1921 saw *The Sheik* and *If Winter Comes,* both in the half-million sales class; but there was also a higher type of emancipated fiction. Sherwood Anderson in 1921 was awarded *The Dial's* first annual award of $2,000, as the most promising American author, for his *Triumph of the Egg.* In the same year John Dos Passos wrote *Soldiers Three,* the first and most important American War novel. There followed Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith* and John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga.*

Lytton Strachey took the stuffiness out of biography. With his *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria,* a new type of biography was born. Thereafter, the private lives of great people were revealed as very much like the lives of ordinary people, with the same appetites, passions, doubts and distempers. André Maurois and Emil Ludwig followed the example of Strachey, and, following them, the debunkers were drawn up eight abreast, banners flying. Everything was debunked—the innocence of children, the happiness of old men, the honesty of statesmen.

The popularization of biography and history was followed by the popularization of science, though this blessing of the modern age was not subjected to exposure as the result of harassed glands and diseased tissue. Science remained glorified, but was explained—explained as the only real truth, because it was willing to admit its mistakes.

The theory of the soul did not jibe with popularized science. Cold facts and logic showing the inconsequence of man against the universe left a vacuum that was filled by reducing great men and gods to the same level of inconsequence, and the vogue which Strachey had innocently begun grew to the scope of a manufacturing plant, supplying tons of missing self-importance. Every man was an infinitesimal mite and so, therefore, were Napoleon, Washington, Christ, and Mohammed.

By 1927 the novelty of the new age was wearing off. Comfortably settled in historical perspective, people began to relax. Everybody was making money, and things were swell. America was the greatest country on earth.

The World War returned to mind. People dared to think about it again, retrospectively, with a little nostalgia and some grievance. To swell this mood there came, in 1929, Hemingway's salute to glory, *A Farewell to Arms,* and Eric Remarque's classic, *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

Hemingway, who did not forget to include the new generation's conception of love, showed the War as it was—frightened men stampeded by their own machines of death. Remarque's book was turned down by four publishers because its candor in speaking of trench life was considered too much for the new type of stomach, made delicate by gin. It finally appeared, was printed in twenty-five languages, and sold 4,860,000 copies throughout the world.

With the depression in 1929 the wheel of change slowed down, came almost to a stop. Women's skirts, once halfway up the thigh, were down again to the point of inquisition on the calf. Prohibition was such a failure that good liquor was obtainable anywhere (well, fairly good); Americans were getting bored with their new toys: the paint had worn off endocrines, gangsters, debunked religion, and amateur love. In 1931 a gentle, moving book by Pearl Buck, *The Good Earth,* eased aching minds; in 1932 Walter Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty* salved the raw fears of the Lost Generation and the Younger Generation as they looked toward this age with no more security than a doctor's certificate stating that their arteries had not definitely hardened. In 1933, in the midst of the depression, came Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse.*

It may have been Mr. Allen's sheer good fortune that it arrived at that time. It was an escape book when people wanted to flee reality; it was a lot of book for the money, and it was a good story. On the other hand, writers work ahead of their times, and Mr. Allen may have sensed, when he planned his book, that people were again ready for romanced history. Just as Joyce labored through the War on *Ulysses;* just as Dreiser and Millay and the other rebels were at work in America long before the twenties, so Allen imperturbably wrote his book while flaming youth was discovering the mathematics of insanity. And long before Allen had finished his labors on *Anthony Adverse,* Margaret Mitchell had begun to write *Gone with the Wind.*

The American people are not a nation of book readers.

We have been accused of this time and again, perhaps with some justification. We read a great many newspapers and magazines, but Mr. R. L. Duffus, who surveyed the reading habits of the average American, found that he averages only seven books per year—two of which he buys. He borrows from libraries two books a year, borrows from friends one book a year, and secures two books a year from rental libraries. He sees twenty-five times more movies and examines almost fifty times more magazines than he does books. He spends more money on greeting cards than he does on books. But he bought *Gone with the Wind.*

It is still a complex affair, this appetite for a long romantic story of the Civil War, but some reasons obtrude. It is a simple book, bereft of obscenity, lacking the inductive vagueness of the stream-of-consciousness school, yet frankly realistic and concerned with a woman who, in all sincerity, is a harlot. It states its story without comment, without lectures on abnormal psychology. Nevertheless, these things are present. All the modern improvements are in the book; but they are not pointed up. Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler retained a touch of Joyce, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and the aftermath

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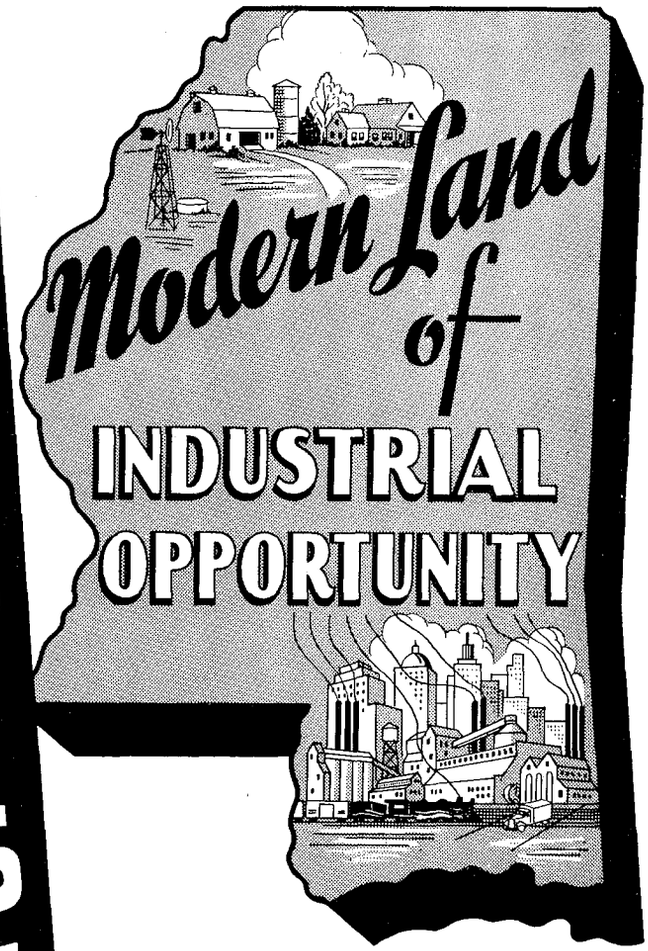

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MISSISSIPPI A GREAT AGRICULTURAL STATE THAT IS GOING TO TOWN INDUSTRIALLY

of the Civil War was interpreted in modern terms with Scarlett O'Hara emerging as the modern prototype of Thackeray's immortal Becky Sharp.

Thus literature returned to the people.

It had flown far away, into rarefied atmospheres where its means of communication were hindered, so that the good folk of earth, listening intently, heard only mumblings and turned off the station, picking up a magazine for entertainment. The magazines did not flirt with the danger which is always present when language is used to explain the inexplicable. On the other hand, they often had to be satisfied with second- and third-rate writers because so many first-rate writers were spending their time learning to spell simple Anglo-Saxon words and worrying how to break the facts of life to the world. A cleavage resulted, a cleavage which left popular fiction on one side, and significant fiction on the other. Good fiction was not popular enough, and popular fiction was not good enough. The public, as is its custom, accepted this situation with resignation.

But the appetite remained, and when one of the adventurers returned from Parnassus and spoke again in discernible tones, the flock answered. If you wonder why *Gone with the Wind* is so popular, think what a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Fielding could do for America—for the greatest single chunk of people ever made simultaneously literate—a chunk of people yearning for a tale well told, for the sake of its telling, by a teller who loves the tale and the art of telling it. There has never been any other secret to popular literature. Once in a while a writer stumbles on it.

Now there is still a newer type of book which bodes wonders for the future. Doctor Alexis Carrel's synthesis of medicine, science, and biology, *Man the Unknown,* takes the next step beyond that taken in the last decade. It has been a best-seller for two years. Doctor Hans Zinnser's *Rats, Lice and History,* explaining that typhus had as much to do with man's downfalls as paranoia, made a great impression. At present, Doctor Victor Heiser's story of mass sanitation in the Orient, *An American Doctor's Odyssey,* is carrying on the work of acquainting people with the practical facts of those green hills far away. And perhaps fifteen years from now there will be a novel that will sell two million copies in its first six months. It will probably be about a doctor, a mental telepathist, and a mellowed and sweet Scarlett O'Hara. And it will be about the Civil War.

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JERUSALEM

LITHOGRAPHS BY ALFRED BENDINER

East-to-West – 5. The Eastern Mediterranean

GEORGE BRANDT

(*This is the fifth of six travel articles Mr. Brandt is writing for* SCRIBNER'S *as he circles the globe.*—THE EDITORS.)

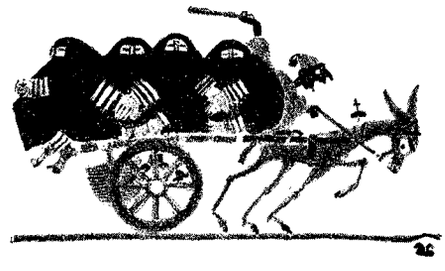
Of all the posts in the Empire the British soldiers most loathe Aden, on the barren corner of Arabia, guarding the Red Sea. And yet this wilderness of sand and naked rock has definite character. Like the peak of El Greco's Toledo, the black, jagged cliffs bite into the sky. As a local Arabian who spent seven years in Chicago said, "Aden may not have elevators and gangsters, but there's something about it that gets you."

In a Wolseley limousine I skirted the bleak shore, past Maala, where gaunt dhows (timeless ships of the Near East) are under construction, past the imposing station of the Royal Air Force (staggering under the weight of regal crests), to the famous salt works. Here knock-kneed camels slowly draw trains of little cars piled high with glistening salt while near by great creaking windmills pump water from deep wells.

A little farther on, and the vast plains of Arabia lay about me, shimmering under the midday sun. I thought of the almost-mythical T. E. Lawrence, uncrowned king of this desolate land. Here in Arabia, as elsewhere in the East, even the pattern of old age is unpredictable. With a history of thousands of years of violence, one would imagine an orderly government to be welcome. But apparently not. Even today, in a world full of superheterodynes, V-8's, air trains, and cinemas, new destinies can still be carved out in these sandy voids by adventurers who dream of empire.

I visited the gigantic reservoirs, built unknown centuries ago to store the precious water of mountain streams. Today they serve as arenas for Arab urchins who favor tourists with handsprings and then yowl for baksheesh.

From Aden I came through the Red Sea, watching the shores of Arabia and Egypt converge into great flat desert plains, apparently empty of life, yet where, during the long centuries, great armies met, fought, and made empires. Egypt is ruled today by the eighteen-year-old King Farouk, and after all these centuries, is once again independent—in the British meaning of the word, of course. Farouk is liked by his people, particularly some of the women, who tremble quite perceptibly when they see his handsome features. I saw him and his retinue streaking through Cairo one afternoon in a covey of flaming-red Rolls-Royces. Egypt is as full of sleek motorcars and modernistic architecture as it is full of camels and pyramids. Indeed, nowhere else in the world have I seen so many makes of cars for sale as in Cairo. You needn't think you must rough it here: the thing for you to worry about is whether or not you will be modern enough.



Port Said long had had pride in her malodorous corruption, but after India it seemed to me as clean and bright as a Borden baby—and very nearly as wicked. In Cairo I noted, besides the Bedouins and veiled women, shops carrying ambergris (to give coffee and cigarettes that certain something) and weird perfumes labeled "White Tobacco," "Always I Am," "Be Mine," "Dream of Love," and "Passion of the Desert." Here one can buy an entire

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MASTER OF THE HOUSE

sheik costume. I limited myself to dining à la Egyptienne and witnessing the contortions of hefty Fatimas in a local cabaret.

There's no point in adding to the tons of literature about the pyramids, or Sakkara's Doric columns, centuries older than those of Greece, or the huge statues of Rameses II at Memphis. The Nile boats, operated by Cook's and the Anglo-American Company, stop at Memphis, and for tourists with time there's no better way to see this country. Twenty days are required for the round trip between Cairo and Aswân; seven more if one wishes to go on from Aswân to Haifa. The railroads and hotels are modern and efficient, the cotton the finest in the world, the Nile colors at sunrise and sunset are infinitely soft, pastel-like.

From Cairo I drove out through modern Heliopolis to Almaza airport, climbed aboard *Al Fostat,* the twelve-place ship of the Miar Airlines—an Egyptian company sponsored by the government and equipped with ultra-modern planes flown by British pilots. We flew to Bagdad at a top speed of 180 m.p.h., making the trip in some nine hours, passing over the gleaming blue blade called the Suez, over the Sinai desert—where wandered the Children of Israel those forty years—over the Mediterranean, the Mount of Olives. We dropped to earth at Lydda airport and then started off again, over Haifa, past the white peak of Mount Hermon, over Rutbah Wells, over the treeless, shrubless plain where once the Royal Air Force plowed a furrow straight across the desert to guide army fliers.

Never have I seen a river as large as the Tigris rush by at such breakneck speed. No regular bridge apparently can withstand it, for even today one crosses to Bagdad over a pontoon bridge, securely moored with heavy cables. My bus meekly followed a magnificent Bedouin, whose steed thundered across, striking terror into the wraithlike pedestrians. On the way I saw several of the big circular *guffa* boats, indigenous to these parts. How they ever navigate is still a mystery to me. Down Bagdad's principal street race countless carriages, drawn by regal Arabian horses, tossing their heavy manes at lowly humans. Perhaps they are justified, yet inhabitants of such a town as this, with lineage running back to the first Bagdad of Caliph Mansur, cannot altogether be snubbed.

All Iraq contributed to its building: from Wasit came the demon-made gates of King Solomon; near-by Babylon gave bricks from her shattered walls. And when it was finished, the finest structure of all was the Khorassan Gates, on the "Golden Road to Samarkand." Only the glorious memories of the old city remain, all else has vanished. But on its site has arisen the new Bagdad—a wondrous jumble of twisting lanes only a few feet wide, with richly ornamented wooden balconies nearly joining overhead, and massive doors guarding the citizenry from attack by desert brigands.

Excursions from this city could continue indefinitely. Only twenty miles away stands the gigantic arch of Ctesiphon, more than a hundred feet high with a span of no less than eighty-two feet. But perhaps it is Babylon, sixty-five miles distant, that most kindles the imagination. Babylon became an important city-state under Hammurabi about 2,000 B.C., which was rather late in the history of this section. Assyria and Babylonia trace their development from nearly a thousand years earlier. It was the Sumerians in the south who invented cuneiform script, which even ancient Egypt used for official documents. Today the situation is reversed. In Bagdad I saw American film magazines on sale, along with *Scribner's, Harper's,* and *True Story,* and a hun-

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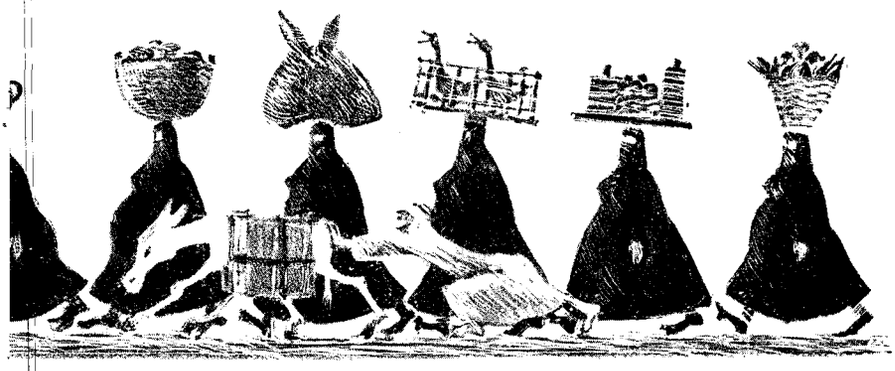

dred other indications that the land beyond the Atlantic is strongly influencing Iraq, where history possibly began. In the Eastern Mediterranean nearly everyone I met had a brother or cousin in America. Apparently only our immigration laws prevent a complete transplantation. Mencken and Lewis may carp at our shortcomings, but in this trip of mine I've found that a very large percentage of the world's population would make any sacrifice to be allowed to share our woes. Hollywood has presented America to the world as a modern Arcadia, and no other influence equals it in world-remaking.

But they're still influencing us. Visit a cabaret in modern Bagdad, and you'll see the inspiration for Minsky's and a hundred American burlesque theaters. That is as far as women visitors may go. With a permit from the government officials, men may visit the local sin-center, conducted in the most brazen manner imaginable. Not long ago, when a conservative Cabinet tried ruling out all these excitements, even including the movies, fate stepped in with a harsh retribution for these gentlemen. Some went mad, some were murdered, others resigned. Now all is normal again along the Tigris.

Vacation Cruises

For the last nostalgic days of summer comes news of short trips by water, rail, and air.

On August 28, the motor liner *Gripsholm* (Swedish-American Line) leaves New York for a six-day cruise that covers more than two thousand miles. At one extreme of her voyage she touches Bermuda; at the other, the quaint, cool shores of Nova Scotia. Rates begin at $70. Over Labor Day, the *Berengaria* will be taken from her transatlantic run to make a four-day cruise to Nova Scotia. Minimum tariff is $50.

For lovers of the sun, the islands of the West Indies with their foreign atmosphere are an all-around-the-year mecca. Fast liners sailing on commuter-like schedules make it possible to arrange a vacation that offers as complete a change in a few days as any long journey. For example, on the ships of the Furness Bermuda Line *five*-day cruises begin at about $70; while for the *nine*-day cruises to Havana and Nassau, on the Cunarder *Carinthia,* the minimum cost is $85.

Excellent tours by rail offer the traveler great variety in a short space of time. These trips are planned with stops of several days in spots of interest such as Yellowstone and Estes Parks, and include interludes of motor travel along the way. For the vacationist with less than three weeks to spare, there is an Alaskan tour that embraces a nine-day cruise through the Inside Passage. A bit over $300 covers expenses from Chicago and return. Other tours through the American Rockies, and to California, are planned for eight days to a fortnight and begin at less than $90.

For the airminded, the American Express Travel Service has arranged twelve tours with itineraries that cover the whole United States and Mexico. In *Tour Two,* for instance, Santa Fé is reached the second morning out of New York. Here there are two days of sight-seeing by motor through the Indian Detour, visits to the Puye Cliff Dweller Ruins and the Pueblos of the Taos Indians. The plane then wings to California, where motor and rail journeys break the trip and afford comprehensive sight-seeing. On the return passage, Salt Lake City is the main stop, and a day there is spent in exploring the city. In all, the trip takes fifteen days and costs but $510.—K.K.

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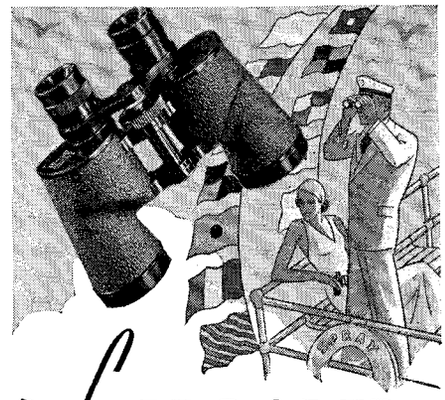

For BROADER HORIZONS!

Sports lovers, travelers and nature enthusiasts who want a *clear* view and a *far* view select the Bausch & Lomb Binocular. For here is an instrument whose field of view, light gathering power, ease in handling and rugged sturdiness are unsurpassed in any of the fine glasses on the world's market. *Shown above, B & L 7 power, 35 mm Binocular, $86.*

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THE WORLD'S BEST — BY ANY TEST

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a time, things went well. We were saving toward a home. I denied myself all the conveniences most folks think are necessities, so that we might have that home. Then came the depression and wiped out our savings. Life since then has been a hopeless struggle, trying to make both ends meet, saving a little when fishing takes on a new spurt, only to see one's savings wiped out again by a period of idleness. I have no fault to find with the calling, but wherein lies the compensation for the weary hours of toil and anxiety?

I doubt if Mr. Fowler or anyone else can really understand the causes of the poverty-stricken conditions he describes. Poverty-sealed lips do not always tell the truth, even to Mr. Fowler. And Mr. Fowler offers no remedy for the situation, save co-operative ownership.

If by that he means that fifteen or twenty different individuals should own a particular boat, I am afraid he doesn't understand the situation. Let us look at the idea for a few moments from the owner's viewpoint. A boat fifty or sixty feet long will stand the owner anywhere from thirty to sixty thousand dollars. . . . That's a lot of money to put into a boat, isn't it? He's got to catch a lot of fish to get that money back.

Now say, he wants to insure her for thirty thousand. I doubt if he could get that insurance even for $4000 a year. And the older the boat gets, the higher the rates go. What does it cost to run these boats? Well, a gill-netter, which in most cases represents an initial investment of $30,000, costs anywhere from $80 to $125 a week for actual running expenses. The draggers, beam trawlers, and seiners have actual running expenses of anywhere from $400 up for a seven- to ten-day period.

This spring the gill-net fleet in Gloucester has been hard hit. The water on the fishing grounds has been filled with slime, and there have been scarcely any fish. One boat has shared $7 for about ten weeks' work. It cost another $276 to catch $250 worth of fish.

Fishing conditions have changed a lot in the last ten years. Mass production of the beam trawlers has wreaked havoc among our smaller fishermen, while the importation of Japanese swordfish has almost ruined our swordfishermen. Charity, they say, begins at home, but the government doesn't think so. Our local firms can import Canadian salt fish and fish from France even cheaper than they can buy them from Gloucester boats. Only this week, a bill to prohibit beam trawling within the three-mile limit in this commonwealth was defeated on the plea that it would help only the small-boat fisherman. It's all right, I guess, to wipe out the small fellows for the sake of the big ones. But the money we've invested in our small boats means just as much to us. Perhaps a day will come when the government will wake up and do something to protect these small home industries. It'll have to, because a small boat owner isn't eligible for relief.

How to bring back the fishing industry is really a grave problem. If one were to transfer some of these broken-souled fishermen from these devastated areas along the Maine Coast to respectable farming districts where they could at least raise their own food, how long do you think the old fellows would last? They'd pine away with homesickness for the water. The call of the sea is in their veins, and you can't make farmers out of them. If there is any hope at all in this kind of transfer, it lies in educating the younger generation, and even then many will revert to type. Father Neptune calls his own.

So what's to be done? Sooner or later if the small-boat fishermen are to survive—and by small-boat fishermen I mean fishermen with a thirty- or forty-thousand-dollar investment—there will have to be a closed season on beam trawlers and also our hit-or-miss market methods will have to be improved. These things will have to be done unless the government wants the small-boat fishermen thrown on its hands as a permanent relief problem.

ELEANOR WHIFFEN
Gloucester, Massachusetts

STRAWS IN THE WIND

(*continued from page 4*)

In This Issue

A point that GENE SHUFORD, author of "Ours Was the Best Generation," is most anxious to have made, is that he makes his claim for the generation, and not for "this particular member of it. Heaven help it," he says, "if I were the best it could do."

We might be inclined to think that he is his own best argument, but in all fairness we must present his statement. He graduated from the University of Arkansas in 1928, with honors, took an M.S.J. at Northwestern in 1929, and spent the next few years, he says, finding out that he didn't know much about anything. He suffers no delusions of grandeur in writing as he does. On the contrary:

"I realize that my own experiences are shadowy in comparison with what many went through in those [depression] years. But by implication they may have enough significance to permit certain generalization. Rereading my article, I find that it makes us, I fear, a little braver than we were. There is on me yet, I know, psychological scarification not unlike that left by shell shock. What I know, others must have felt. If the old scar tissue ever breaks for us, we shall be lost; but enough strength has come up in us to offer us some hope and perhaps to justify the assertion that we were the best generation. . . . I wrote the article because I thought it worth writing. I thought it worth writing because it was about something I had known and felt and thought I had understood. I don't know whether it is true, but I do know that I thought it true at the time I wrote it. If it isn't true, then perhaps it will make a member of some other generation angry enough to write a truer and a better one."

Mr. Shuford is now teaching at Trinity University in Texas.

WALTER BROOKS, onetime editor on the *Outlook*, and the *New Yorker*, has written fiction for many magazines. His children's stories are especially well-known. His new children's book, *The Clockwork Twin*, will be out late this summer. Mr. Brooks has often been criticized because he writes these stories without punctuation and paragraphing. He says it makes for speed and directness. "As you tell a story to a child," he writes, "the child says, 'What happens Next?' and he doesn't even pause for a comma before finding out."

VIRGINIA BIRD's fiction has appeared in many places, first in magazines and then afterward in prize collections of short stories. The last O. Henry collection contained "Havoc Is a Circle" which had appeared in SCRIBNER'S.

MAUDE PALMER THAYER is a teacher in the Westbrook Junior College in Portland, Maine. About our acceptance of "The American Student Leaves the Reservation" she writes: "Education is a profession full of irony always, but I am especially moved to mirth that the antics of the collegiate youth in whose wake I apologized over half the continent of Europe last summer should compensate me thus!"

"For some time I had been brooding about the book business," says BELLE ROSENBAUM, assistant editor of the New York *Herald Tribune Books* and author of "Why Do They Read It?" "I had a growing conviction that things were wrong with it that only I sensed and, in a way, discovered. This delusion not only surprised me but almost cheered me because not since I was in my twenties had I jumped to such arrogant conclusions. It seems I had actually discovered why people did not read books. When I sat down to tell all, the specter of a huge popular novel rose from everywhere to taunt me. 'So they don't read, eh?' it jeered. 'Well, they read me. What do you make of that?' This was a challenge not to be ignored. This article is its answer."

MARIAN LACKEY tells us that she was born in Gaelton, Pennsylvania, and brought up in hotels, trains, and boats. Her father was a timberman who moved his family from state to state until he had covered practically everyone on the East Coast. Miss Lackey herself has dipped into about as many occupations. Beginning as a schoolteacher in Savannah in 1917, she has clerked in railroad offices and bookstores, directed playgrounds, taught horseback riding, assisted dentists, and farmed. Today she is in social-service work in Scott County, Tennessee. On the side she manages a sixty-acre farm at Winfield and a large orchard atop a mountain across the line in Kentucky. She writes that at the moment she is taking a vacation with her two adopted daughters — they're ten years old.

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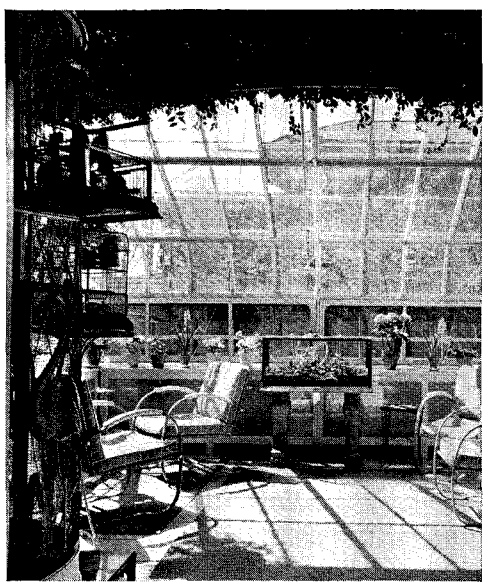
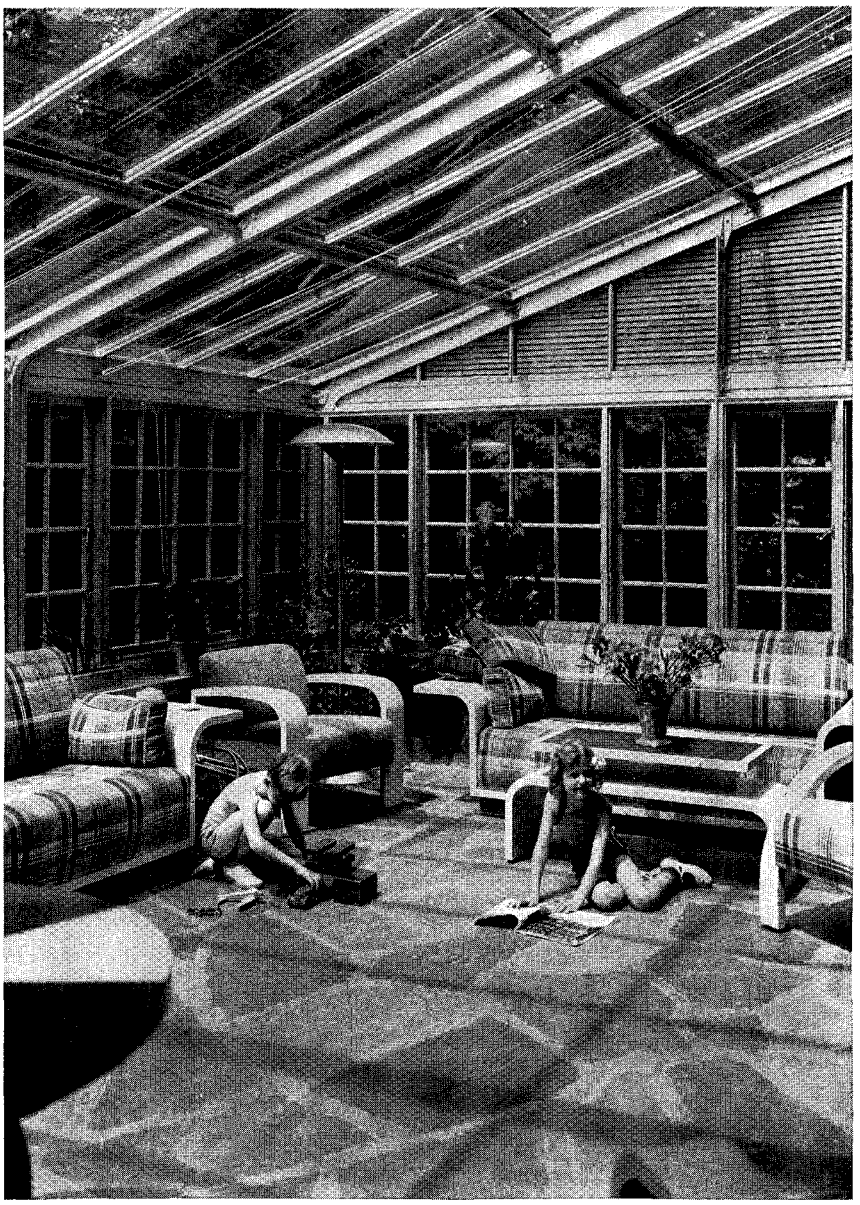
The Sun Comes Home

KATHERINE KENT

Sunroom and cocktail lounge in the penthouse of Mr. L. B. Block, Chicago, Ill.



Pets thrive among vines and flowers in Mrs. F. W. Coar's sunroom, Wynemore, Pa.



Comfort and health motivated the planning of this completely glass-enclosed room built for Mrs. Otto Meyer, Scarsdale, N. Y.

SWIFTLY, and without benefit of ballyhoo, a new idea in living has dawned upon us—rooms-of-glass where sunlight floods the daytime hours all year round, garden rooms transformed to magic under star and moonlight.

Despite the romance that Victorian novelists wove about the conservatory, modern cousin to the room-of-glass, it achieved little popularity with us. Its function was too limited; its discomforts, too glaring. The drip-drip from the roof forbade furniture that was at once comfortable and attractive. Excessive heat, when the sun was high, limited its use greatly. And so arbitrary in design was the glass structure of yesteryear that it meant an awkward and frequently unsightly addition. Instead, we built sun porches and solidly roofed solaria, sacrificing a large portion of healing light for the sake of routine comforts.

But our passionate desire for sun, coupled with Yankee ingenuity, has at last forced a practical solution. No longer is the room-of-glass a conventional place, sultry and dank with fern and palm, but a spot designed to individual needs for heightened living.

Outside and in, structures of glass have changed radically in design during the last five years. No longer is there a single, fixed plan. A glance at the accompanying photographs indicates, though by no means exhausts, the possibilities inherent in the room-of-glass. From the highly modern cocktail lounge to the Italian patio done in classic style is a range at once startling and challenging. Each room

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represents an individual problem in which two main factors shape style and structure.

First, there are the lines of the house as a whole to be considered and the spirit in which it is executed. The room-of-glass must *belong* in an intimate, integral sense. Never should it give the sense of a something-or-other-tacked-on. Glass, metal, stone, mortar, and wood are versatile in their uses, and lend themselves to a great variety of treatments. Frequently the glass structure can be worked in where a porch already exists, eliminating a part of the building process and insuring a wealth of light to porch-darkened rooms that adjoin it.

Second, and equally fundamental in planning, is consideration of the uses for which the room is intended. Where a complete garden feeling is desired, where blooms of unusual size are to be grown, or exotic flora cultivated, the requirements are very different from those in the room-of-glass, whose primary purpose is that of living center for the family. Research into the optimum light needs for plant and animal life has reached a point where planning can proceed with scientific precision.

*

Engineering skill has vanquished the old discomforts. Little gutterlike strips of metal along the roof sections collect excess moisture and are so designed that their utilitarian purpose is hidden to the uninitiated eye. Provisions for heating are greatly simplified. It is no longer necessary to install a separate plant. Instead, pipes are run to the existing boiler, and a thermostat installed that in-

A glass-enclosed patio in the Evanston, Ill., home of Mr. H. Burnham

sures even temperature day and night in the room-of-glass, independent of the vagaries of the thermometer through the rest of the house. Similarly an automatic device regulates ventilation. Sections of glass open and close with robotlike precision as the transit of the sun changes the temperature outside. The problem of glare is solved by the use of ingenious shutters and blinds, or by installation of a ribbed, light-diffusing glass through the roof sections.

*

Where the room-of-glass is to be used for youngsters, for the housing of tropical pets, or where adults in need of ultraviolet rays plan to spend their free hours, one of two devices insure the benefit of these health-giving rays. Sections of glass at the roof or sides may be built to swing out completely, giving the sun free play. Even at the height of winter no bundling or wrapping should be needed if the structure is properly planned and heated. A second way is to employ glass such as Corex D, Sunlit, or Helio in one section of the room. A special process permits the penetration of half or more of the sun's ultraviolet rays through these glasses.

*

The unsightliness of heating pipes, all too familiar in the old type of conservatory, is now completely eliminated. Grilled or canelike metal sections are used most frequently for this purpose. Where an outdoor mood is to be kept, bricks set latticelike make an effective shield. But the newest and quite the cleverest device is the use of glass bricks worked out for Mr. Block's modernistic room-of-glass, preserving a material and decorative unity from roof to floor.

The room-of-glass, designed at the first for sunlight hours, becomes at night a thing of startling beauty under star and moonlight. Modern lighting easily solves the once vexatious problems of illumination under glass, and for flower lovers offers new possibilities.

The uses of glass through the day to quicken plant life during the cold months of the year need no amplification. But now that is not all. The light burned in your room-of-glass for reading and recreation is a source of growth for all greening life within its radius. Intensifying that light, spring can be brought months ahead into the glass garden.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 67)

1. Play briskly
2. Chicago
3. Philip Nolan
4. The Kohinoor
5. The middle of the Pacific Ocean
6. Paul Muni and Louise Rainer
7. U.S.S.R.
8. G. & C. Merriam Co.
9. Photograph thousands of drawings
10. Princeton
11. It's only ice-covered water, not land
12. A novel entitled *The Outward Room*
13. A baseball
14. William Knudsen
15. Flying jib [it's a sail]
16. The German State Police
17. "It's a singular phenomena," he said [should be *phenomenon*]
18. *Santa Maria*
19. "I know—you're the glacier priest"
20. Its lesser lifting capacity
21. Herbert Hoover
22. The music
23. An otologist
24. Bring back pictures of the Coronation
25. Northern South America
26. Selling each other stocks with the agreement to repurchase
27. Key West (Florida)
28. Willys
29. Fold-boating
30. Rarify [should be *rarefy*]
31. Vulcanizing of rubber
32. When a pitcher makes a throwing motion without throwing
33. Neville Chamberlain
34. Dangling ribbons
35. Appointed a professor at Harvard University
36. "Luff her a bit!" cried the mate
37. "But I go on forever"
38. Education
39. Christian X
40. Into the wind
41. *How To Win Friends And Influence People*
42. What's the future of gold . . . ?
43. A staff officer
44. Boxing
45. Pree-SEED-ens
46. George Luks
47. The Mellons
48. An airplane manufacturer
49. Camels
50. The Paris Fair was late in opening

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